

Black Giantess #7

\$20.00

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!!

ADULTS ONLY

UP SOUTH PRODUCTIONS

EROTIC FANTASY

WARNING: HIGHLY ADDICTIVE!

THE ONLY PUBLICATION OF ITS' KIND ANYWHERE.

OUR ENORMOUS, SEXY SISTERS GET YOU HOTT...
THEN COOL YOU OFF! NO WONDER PEOPLE ARE
HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES.

SCREAM

THE ONLY ONE

IT IS NOT THE THINGS THAT ARE
CONCRETE BEFORE ME...
THAT SEEM INSURMOUNTABLE AT
TIMES
IT IS NOT THOSE MOUNTAINS RISING
HIGH (SPECTACLES TO YOU) THAT
BLOCK MY ASCENSION

THESE AREN'T CHAINS WRAPPED
AROUND MY BEING, KILLING MY
FREEDOM!

THESE AREN'T BURDENS WEIGHING
HEAVY ON MY BACK...SLOWING MY
STRIDE TO A DRAG!

ALL THIS IS AND ALL THESE ARE...
ARE THINGS THAT ARE HERE BUT FOR
A MOMENT,

THEIR PASSING SHALL COME QUICKLY
FOR IT IS THE STRENGTH OF MY
CONVICTIONS THAT RELEASES ME
FROM THE SLAVERY OF EMOTIONS,

THE BLINDNESS THAT WEAKNESS
BRINGS, THE BRITTLINESS IN MY
BONES THAT DECEPTION LENDS...

WHAT CAN GO UNCONQUERED?

WHAT CAN I NOT OVERCOME?

WHAT IS IT THAT IS SO RIDDLED
WITH FIRE THAT IT IMPEDES MY
NATURAL MOTIONS?

AREN'T I WATER...OH SO QUICK
TO DROWN OUT FOOLISHNESS

AREN'T I THE ONLY ONE?

THE ONLY ONE!!

KNOCKOUT (c) 1997



SISTER BETTY

THE BLACK STATUE OF LIBERTY

1936-1997



"Quick, there's not much time!!
We are right in the middle of an
incredible, unbelievable event!
BLACK GIANTESS is presenting its'
SECO ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!!

DID YOU FEEL THAT?? IT's the
footsteps of those powerful
and deadly GIANT BLACK WOMEN!!
Nothing is is...safe!

The table of contents has been
destroyed...so you'll have to
manuever through this huge issue
on your own.

Let me quickly give special thanks
to Mistress Zena, Pat, Yul, Addison,
Steve, and Knockout. Without their
efforts, this issue would not
be possible! OH-OH.. I can see
a giantess looking through the
window at us!! OH MY GOD! She's
tear in the place apakhjdhdgtwyuweoudf



PRESSURE

It is within my power
to look upon you with rage but...
yet a dangerous magnetism
that summons you to me
Against the steep curves
and striated fibers
that are the creation
of my being
You shall rise...
rise
only
if
I let you.

Ascend into my world...be welcomed into my dreams
I, fearless Black Woman before you
Merciless at times, but now I'll entertain
Your pleas
Tell me what I need to hear
Coax me until centuries of pain disappear



Can you rid with words the inherent desire
I have to control, claim, then destroy you?
Enter my realm if you dare
I await you.

(c) 1997 by KNOCKOUT

BEAUTIFUL GAY STUFF



BLACK GIANTESS

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR

BLACK GIANTESS WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL OF YOU WHO'VE WRITTEN WITH COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS. WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO CONTINUE. HERE ARE JUST A FEW:

IT SEEMS LIKE THE MAGAZINE IS REALLY GETTING A GOOD RUN.

I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU THAT THE LAST ISSUE OF B.G. (#6) WAS REAL GOOD; AND I THOUGHT YOU DID A GREAT JOB WITH THE PICTURE OF THE FOOT CRUSHING THE CAR: IT'S FUNNY AS HELL!

UP SOUTH PRODUCTIONS? I LIKE THE NAME-VERY CREATIVE.

I AM CURRENTLY WRITING A BOOK, AND WOULD BE INTERESTED IN TALKING WITH YOU ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF INCLUDING YOU AND YOUR ZINE AS ONE OF THE SUBJECTS.

THANKS VERY MUCH FOR THE COPY OF B.G.#6, THOUGH IT HAD A LITTLE LESS CONTENT THAN I EXPECTED, IT STILL WORKED FOR ME.

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT ADS FOR THE VARIOUS PEOPLE AND PUBLICATIONS ARE A NECESSARY PART OF BLACK GIANTESS. HOWEVER, I WOULD SUGGEST THAT SUCH A POTENTIALLY EXCELLENT PUBLICATION SHOULD NOT TURN INTO WHAT IS OSTENSIBLY A COLLECTION OF ADVERTISEMENTS, INTERSPERSED WITH STORIES AND ARTWORK. RATHER, IT SHOULD REALLY BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND...

YES! YOU STARTED SOMETHING NOW!! YOU'VE GOTTEN ME TOTALLY HOOKED ON YOUR BLACK GIANTESS MAGAZINE. I REALLY ENJOYED BLACK GIANTESS #1 IMMENSELY...WHICH IS PUTTING IT MILDLY...

NO.6 IS GREAT! THE STORY WAS GOOD, AS WAS THE ARTWORK ON PGS.2,3,26,49. I ALSO WAS DELIGHTED TO SEE THE RUBEN-ESQ. ON P. 20. IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE THE LARGER SISTERS REPRESENTED (ALTHOUGH I MUCH PREFER TO SEE THEM LESS CHILD-LIKE, AND MORE NO-NONSENSE). THE COLLAGES ARE ALWAYS VERY GOOD, AND OF COURSE IT WAS THRILLING TO SEE MISTRESS ZENA ON P.29. I LOVED THE PHOTOS, THE CONTRASTING IMAGES! YES INDEED-MAIDS NO MORE!! I AM ALSO INTERESTED IN THE OTHER MISTRESSES, TOE-PAZ AND

BLACK GIANTESS
LETTERS

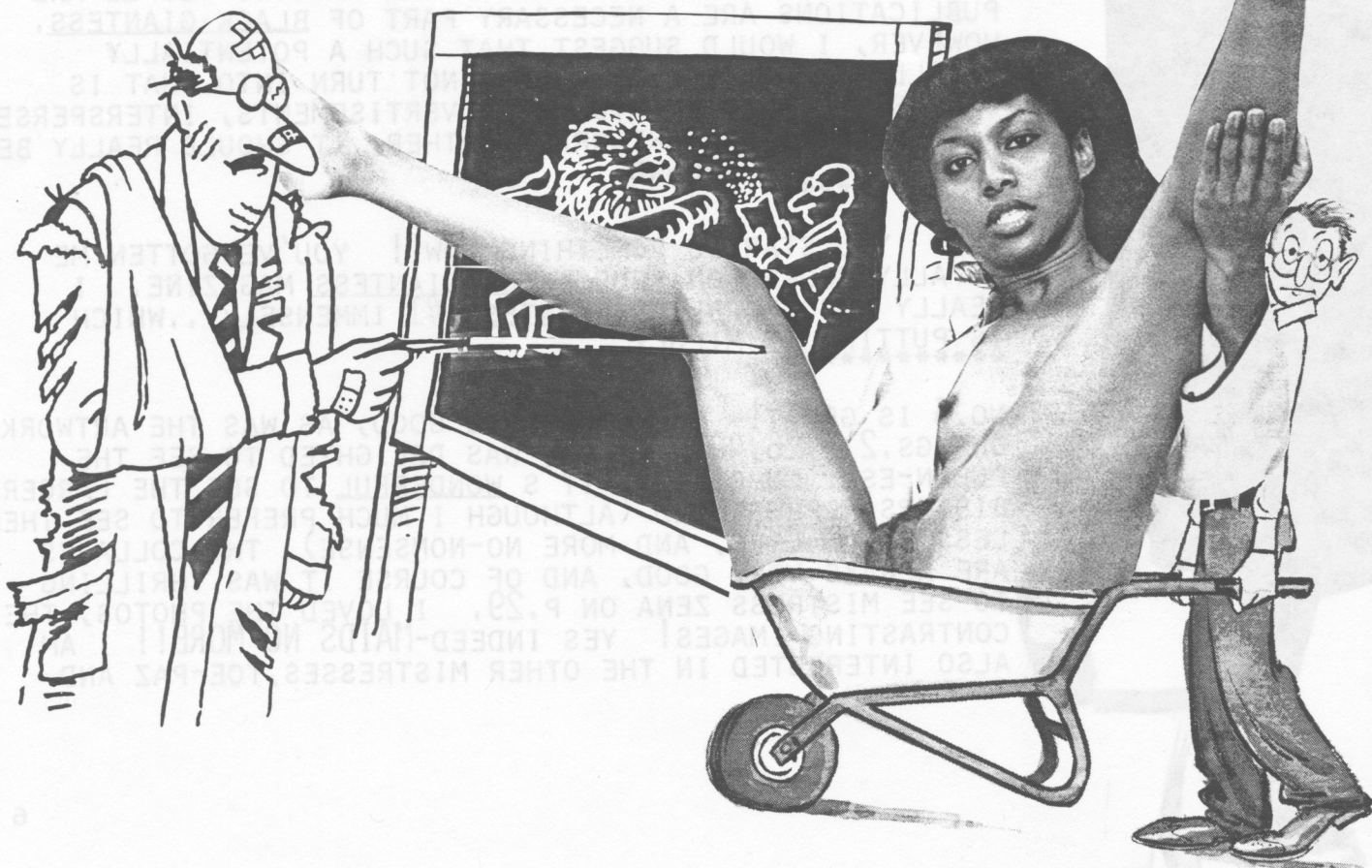
GODDESS TASHA. WILL THEY GRANT INTERVIEWS IN THE FUTURE? ALL IN ALL, THE ZINE IS GREAT, AND I HOPE IT PROSPERS AND CONTINUES TO GET BETTER!

THANKS TRILLIONS FOR THE COPY OF B.G.#1! IT'S POSSIBLY THE BEST ISSUE I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST SAY I LOVED, LOVED, LOVED, AND LOVED THAT SAMPLE PAGE FROM B.G.#3. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS MISSING.

I LIKED #4, BUT IT SEEMED A BIT LACKING IN THE AMOUNT OF WRITTEN TEXT THAT WAS THERE. PLEASE DON'T GET ME WRONG! THE FINISHED PRODUCT SHOWS THAT IT IS TRULY A LABOR OF LOVE. VERY IMPORTANT.

MY FIANCEE IS OVER HERE WITH ME, AND DOING THIS LETTER IS TAKING TIME-THANKS TO HER SIZE 9 FEET THINKING MY FACE IS A FOOT MASSAGER! BY THE WAY, SHE IS READING ONE OF MY BLACK GIANTESS MAGAZINES EVEN AS I WRITE THIS LETTER... EXCUSE ME, BUT...HER LOVELY FEET BEING ON MY FACE IS A DISTRACTION, AND I BETTER GIVE THEM SOME ATTENTION...
QUICK!!!!!!

LET ME THANK YOU BY THE MEGATON FOR THE COPIES OF B.G. THAT YOU RECENTLY SENT ME. I'M STARTING TO BECOME A FAN OF YOURS TOO!



Very Hot. Very Cool.

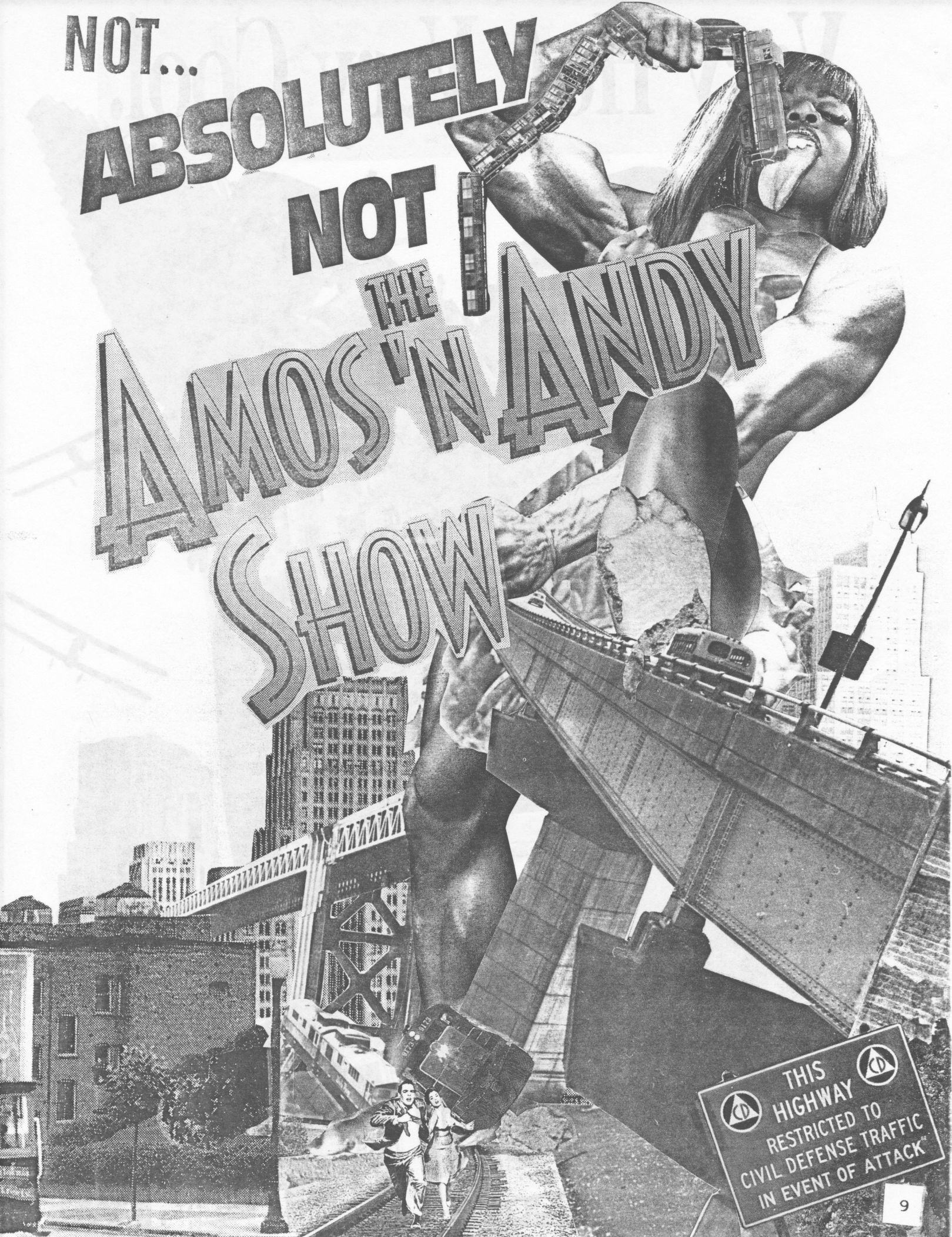


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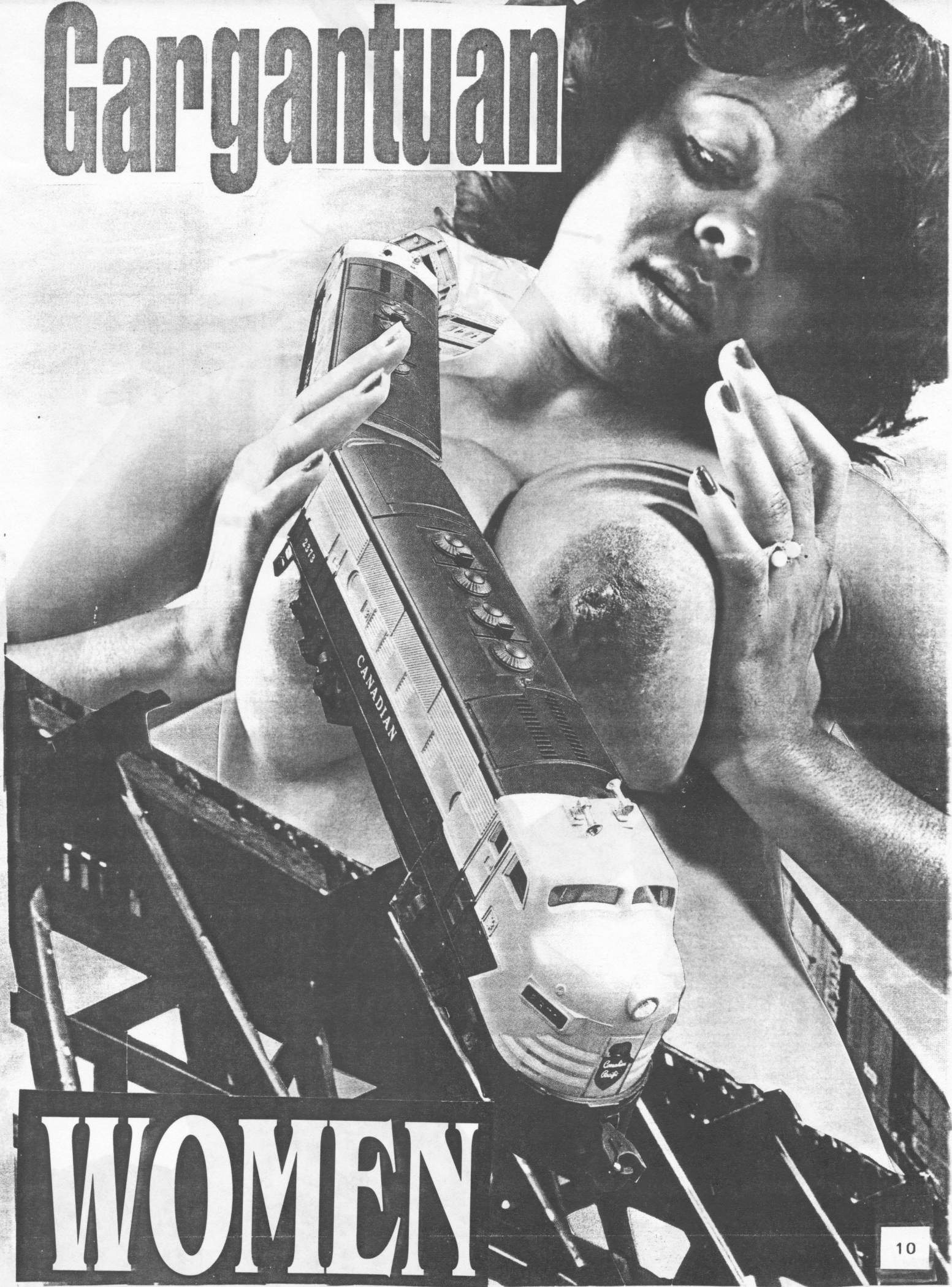
ABSOLUTELY

NOT

THE AMOS 'N ANDY SHOW



Gargantuan



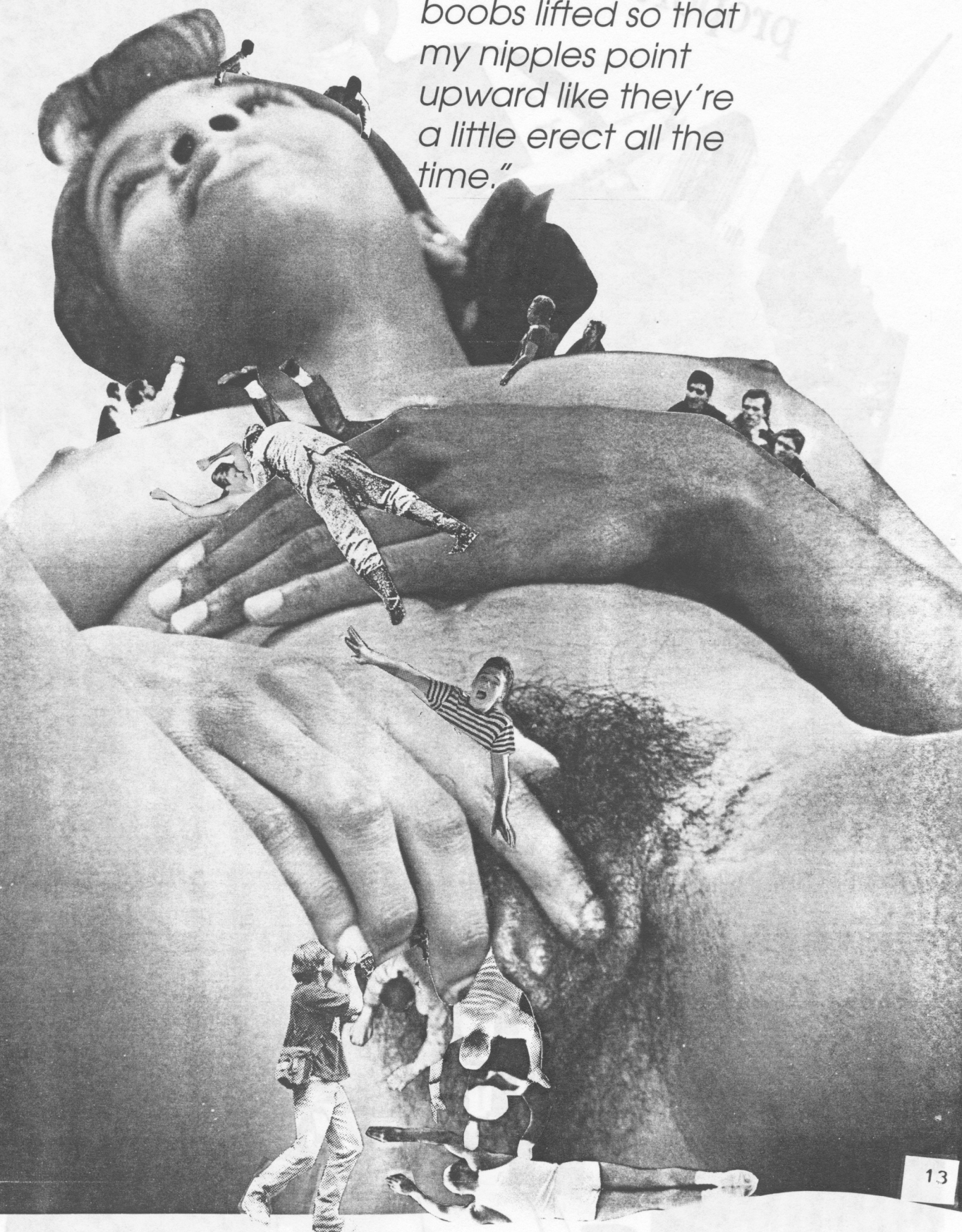
WILD



Global
proportions



"First, I begin with my special chest exercises. They keep my young boobs lifted so that my nipples point upward like they're a little erect all the time."





THE SISTERS OF VENGEANCE



Adelison Bardouille



THE SISTERS OF VENGEANCE.

BY STEVE.

CHAPTER 2.

The following morning the sisters awoke refreshed after a good night's sleep. They were also excited at the prospect of what fun they could have with all the men, that had ever treated them unkindly, or even just annoyed them. The lives of these men could now be measured in days, or if they were very lucky, weeks.

They arrived at work early, before the other women in the office and found there was a message on their desks that their boss wanted to see them as soon as they came in. "So mr boss man wants to make us feel small again does he.". Said Nicole. "Well, I think he's in for a surprise this time eh Shara ?."

"Yes indeed Nicky, I agree he's in for a big surprise, a very big surprise, HA, HA, HA.". Laughed her sister as they made their way to the boss's office.

As they entered his large office their boss was sitting in his executive chair behind his impressive desk. He was a short skinny man, and when he walked, he strutted about with the air of someone much taller. However, when, as now, he was sitting behind his desk, he almost disappeared from sight. The staff in the main office found this display of assumed power to be mildly amusing, through to ridiculously funny. However nobody had ever had the guts to tell him just how stupid he looked, such a little man sitting in such a large chair behind an enormous desk.

There was however, no denying the fact that his office was indeed very impressive. It was at least one hundred feet long by about seventy five feet wide and about sixty feet high. Certainly not the poky little cupboard of an office that minor executives were usually given. It was also very elaborately furnished, with very high quality and very ornate furniture, together with excellent reprints of pictures by famous artists. What ever his other faults may be, there was certainly no denying the fact that their boss certainly knew his art.

"Ah, good morning ladies. Nicole, Shara, please have a seat, make yourself comfortable.". He began. The two sisters sat down in two of the comfortable chairs in front of his desk, wondering firstly why they had been called into his office, and secondly why he appeared to be being so nice to them.

"I want to speak to you about the report on account No. 9183672. It seems that there have been some errors in this report and I need to go through it with you and try to resolve the situation."

Nicole knew that they had not worked on this particular report. Indeed it was the work of the boss's little protégé, who had obviously made a complete mess of it and they were about to get the blame.

"Now stop right there *sir*." Said Nicole with a very sarcastic note on the word *sir*. "First of all neither of us have had anything to do with this report, and what's more, we are both sick to death of being made the scapegoats for any mistakes that your little pet has made. Every time you call either of us into your office, you always manage to make us look small. Well no more. Now it's your turn to feel small."

"How dare you speak to me in that tone of voice !". He replied. "I'll see that you're both fired for this outrage."

"I don't think so *sir*. In fact, I don't think that you will be doing very much at all after we've finished with you. Would you lock the door Shara ?, I don't think we need anybody interrupting us while we have our fun with mr boss man here."

"Sure Nicky." Replied Shara as she went to the door and turned the lock, then returned to stand beside her sister.

"Now then *sir*. I told you that it's time for you to feel small, and I am a woman who keeps her word. Are you ready Shara ?."

"Ready Nicky." The two sisters kicked off their shoes and touched their rings together.

Their boss stared in amazement as the vivid blue light sparkled, growing in intensity until it almost blinded him and completely enveloped their bodies. A moment later the light disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. As his eyes recovered from the glare, he thought he was hallucinating. Standing in front of him were two women, two GIGANTIC WOMEN. He barely reached the top of their feet. In a state of abject terror, he dived under his desk to try to hide from them.

"Come out from under you desk right now you little bug." A thunderous voice reverberated from high above him. To terrified to move, he stayed where he was. "Come out right now, or I'll just put my foot on your desk and crush it with you still underneath it."

The tiny man crawled out from under his desk and stood staring at the four enormous bare feet immediately in front of him.

"That's better." Said Shara. "Now then bug, I want you to crawl between my toes and lick them clean for me." The tiny man stood there motionless, scared out of his wits.

"Move, bug, I don't like to be kept waiting." Shara's voice boomed in his ears like a clap of thunder. Startled out of his trance-like state, the tiny man crawled between her huge bare toes and began licking furiously.

"That's more like it. If you do a really good job of cleaning my toes, I might decide to let you live. You might even make a good little foot slave. We shall see."

As their diminutive boss furiously licked between her toes, Shara smiled to her sister and they touched rings. Moments later they had returned to normal size, their boss, still busily licking between her toes was totally unaware that he had shrunk down to no more than six inches tall.

The two sisters heard the voices of the other women in the office outside as they arrived for work. They decided that this was just too good an opportunity to miss. They would let the whole office have some fun with their diminutive boss.

They waited until all the women had arrived then called them into the office. As the women walked into the room they were amazed to find Nicole sitting in their boss's chair, Shara sitting in another chair beside her, both with their bare feet resting on his desk and each smoking a cigarette.

"What the hell," Spluttered his secretary. I wouldn't let the boss see you like that, he'll go ballistic. You know how he is about smoking. He'll fire you on the spot."

"The boss already knows that we are in his office Beverley, in fact he's right here with us. But I don't think he'll be firing us. In fact I don't think he'll be firing *anybody* any more." Replied Nicole as she relaxed in the executive chair with her feet resting on the desk, leisurely smoking her cigarette.

"Well where is he then ? I don't see him anywhere."

"He's right here on the desk, right by my foot. Actually he seems to like my foot, because he's licking it for me."

"What are you talking about I don't see any what the hell. What's that by your foot ?"

"Like I said, that's our boss. Take a close look if you like. Then you'll see I'm telling the truth." Beverley moved forward to get a closer look at the tiny man busily licking Shara's foot.

"My god it's true. How the hell did this happen ?"

"Simple really Bev, Nicole and I were fed up with the way he was treating us, so we shrunk him down to this size."

"What do you mean you shrunk him down to this size. Nobody can shrink anybody. It's impossible."

"Well Bev, it must be possible now, because there's the proof right by my foot."

Beverley stood there staring at the diminutive little man still busily licking Shara's foot as if his very life depended on it. "You mean to tell me that little man really is our boss, and you've shrunk him down to six inches tall ?"

"Yeah, great isn't it ? We won't have to endure his domineering attitude, his bellowing voice or his making us feel small every time he speaks to us."

"He really seems to like your foot doesn't he." Said Beverley, smiling as she thought of all the times he had treated her so appallingly over the past few years, and realised that this was the ideal opportunity to get even and have some fun.

"Well I told him that if he did a really good job of licking my foot, then I just might let him live. I think he got the message don't you ?". Replied Shara.

"Could he lick my feet as well ?".

"Sure, why do you think we invited you all into the office. We're all going to have some fun with our little boss."

"But what if he gets stepped on and squashed ?".

"Well that's just too bad. For him that is. We'll just have to invite another boss into our office and shrink him down so we can have some more fun."

"I want to stamp on him.". called one of the other girls who had all crowded round the desk to witness the spectacle.

"Fine Natallie. As soon as we've had our fun, then you can stamp on him as hard as you like. Okay ?".

"Great, I'm going to enjoy this.". Beamed Natallie, as she anticipated the thrill of stamping her foot down on her tiny, soon to be ex boss.

"Okay ladies who wants their feet licked ?".

Every woman in the room shouted "Me !!!".

"Okay, since we all want our feet licked, what say we all put our feet up on the desk and then he can go from foot to foot, until he's licked all our feet nice and clean.". In moments the women began kicking off their shoes and resting their feet on the desk.

"Okay foot bug. You have your orders. You will lick each foot resting on the desk until it is perfectly clean, then move on to the next. You will continue licking until each and every foot is absolutely spotless. Now I count twelve ladies around the desk, so that's twenty four feet for you to lick spotlessly clean. You've got a lot of work to do bug, so get started."

The tiny man stood on his desk and slowly turned around staring in terror at the twenty four huge female feet that surrounded him on all sides. There was no escape, where ever he looked he path was blocked by huge female feet. Suddenly Shara's foot soared into the air and moments later slammed down on the desk inches from where he stood. "I said get to work bug. You've got twelve very impatient ladies here who all want their beautiful feet cleaned, and we don't like to be kept waiting. SO MOVE IT !!!". Her voice boomed like thunder above him.

The impact of Shara's foot on the desk knocked him flat on his back, and he had to hold his hands to his ears when she spoke to keep from being deafened. Even with his hands clapped tightly to his ears, he could still hear every word the Giantess spoke, and he knew that he had no alternative but to obey. He staggered unsteadily to his feet and slowly walked towards the nearest foot. It was more than twice the size of his whole body. The tiny man began to lick the bottom of the gigantic female foot.

He began at the base of her heel, and slowly worked his way up until he reached about halfway up the instep of the immense foot, then he stopped. "Who told you to stop licking foot bug ?". Boomed the woman's voice.

"I can't reach any higher, your foot is just too big for me." He shouted, hoping that she would be able to hear him.

One of the women pushed a note pad across the desk with her foot. "Here, climb on this,". She said. "and don't keep us waiting. No more excuses. Just keep licking our beautiful feet, bug."

The diminutive little man struggled with the huge note pad until he had positioned it in front of the huge foot, then climbed on top. Once again he began licking her foot. With the aid of the note pad, he found he was able to reach the rest of her foot, although he had to stand on tip toe to reach her toes.

It took about half an hour, but he finally managed to lick the bottom of her foot completely clean. Climbing down off the note pad he moved along to the next foot and began to lick. Once again starting at the base of the heel and working his way up until he couldn't reach any further, then with great effort he moved the note pad into position and having climbed on top, he continued licking until both of her feet were spotlessly clean from the base of the heel right up to the tips of her toes.

"Is that the best you can do, foot bug ? You'll have to do a lot better than that, and do it a lot faster, otherwise we'll be here all day." Said the young typist who's feet he had just cleaned.

"Wait a minute. Why don't you just get some more men and shrink them down to this size ? Then we can all have our feet cleaned at the same time." Queried Beverley.

"That's a great idea Bev. If you phone up to the executive offices and get the guys down here, we can shrink them down. Then we can really have some fun."

"Sure no problem. They were supposed to be having a meeting upstairs today anyway, so I'll just tell them that the meeting has been changed from the top office to this one." Beverley began calling the various offices and telling the executives about the change in venue for the meeting. A short while later the unsuspecting men began to arrive for the meeting.

To all outward appearances, the office was running normally. Each man was shown into the large office and a moment later there was a vivid flash of blue light, followed by a terrified scream, then another flash of light and the guy had been shrunk down to just six inches tall. Each shrunk man was then placed in a draw in the filing cabinet so that the next victim could not have any warning of what was about to happen. Soon all the top executives had been shrunk down to six inches tall and were trapped in the filing cabinet.

The women came back into the office, all of them eager to continue their fun. Each woman grabbed a couple of tiny men out of the filing cabinet and dumped them on the desk. When they counted them, they found that there were a total of thirteen tiny, shrunk, men. "Okay you little bugs. Let's get a few things straight." Said Shara. "First of all, your lives mean absolutely nothing to any of us. From this moment on, you are nothing but our little slaves. We can, and will, do anything we like to you, and there is absolutely nothing you can do to stop us. If we tell you to do something, it is not a request, it is an order. You will obey immediately, without question or hesitation. Just in case you have any doubt that I'm telling the truth, I will now demonstrate what will happen to you if you do not do as you are told."

Shara leaned forward and selected one of the group of terrified men, a minor executive, picking him up between her thumb and forefinger, she dropped him in the middle of the desk. The tiny man lay on his back, as if paralysed, wondering what was going to happen. He did not have to wait long to find out what Shara had in mind.

Moving to the end of the desk, she used a chair to step up onto the desk top and stood towering over the group of diminutive men cowering at her feet. "Now then bugs, I will show you exactly what will happen if you don't do as you are told." Without another word Shara walked forward across the surface of the desk. When she reached the tiny man she paused with her foot held over his diminutive form. Then she slowly pressed down with her foot, smiling sadistically as she heard his scream, followed moments later by a satisfying crunch as his body yielded to her weight and was crushed flat beneath her foot.

Shara continued walking across the desk. When she reached the other end, she simply turned around and retraced her steps stepping on the crushed remains of the unfortunate little man. she leaned her full weight on her foot then slowly and deliberately twisted her foot first one way, then the other. Grinding his remains to nothing more than a tiny red stain on the desk top. When she was satisfied Shara simply walked to the end of the desk and using the chair once more, she stepped down off the desk and returned to her seat.

The group of tiny men watched the scene with a look of abject terror on their faces. At first none of them could comprehend how a woman could kill one of them in such a casual manner, and without so much as a second thought about the unfortunate man's demise beneath her foot. Yet she had killed him with no more concern than one would give to crushing some insignificant insect underfoot. Not only that, but she had then deliberately stepped on his crushed remains and ground them into nothing more than a tiny red stain on the desk top.

The terrified group looked at each of the Giantesses faces to see if there was the remotest sign of compassion. There was none. In fact, if anything, the only thing the men saw in the women's faces was regret that they hadn't been the one to walk across the desk.

A moment later the women kicked off their shoes and put their feet up on the desk once more. "Okay bugs. Said Shara, with a cruel smile. "You're all used to giving orders, now it's time to start obeying them for a change, and your first order of the day is to clean our feet. With your tongues. For those of you who are a bit slow to understand, that means that you will lick our feet until they are spotlessly clean, and that includes between our toes. So get to work, unless you would like me to take another walk across the desk."

The group of tiny men scattered, each running to a different woman's feet, and began licking for all they were worth. For the next hour the women relaxed smoking and chatting with each other while their diminutive slaves tended to their feet. Eventually their feet were as clean as if they had just stepped out of the bath. The tiny men slumped down, exhausted after the strenuous effort of cleaning feet more than twice as big as themselves, using just their tongues.

"When do I get to stomp on our boss ?". Queried Natallie. "He's made my life a living hell over the past year. Getting me to work late, then trying to get out of paying me for the overtime. Every time I tried to arrange a weekend with my boyfriend, somehow or other he'd screw it up. Now it's pay back time. He's going to regret the day he screwed with Natallie. I'm really looking forward to this."

"You mean he was messing with you as well Natallie ?".

"Sure, or at least he tried to. I've lost count of the number of times he's tried to get into my pussy, and every time I said no, he'd find some way to screw up my wages."

"Me too." Interrupted Naomi.

"And me." said Sally.

"Well bug." Said Shara sternly, as she sneered down at the tiny, cowering form of their boss.

"It looks like you're in big trouble. You should know by now that you can't treat women the way you have, and expect to get away with it. You only have yourself to blame. If you had treated us nicely, then we would treat you nicely. But you've walked all over us, and now it's our turn to walk all over you. Whenever you're ready Natallie."

"You know, I've just had a great idea. Having my feet licked has really made me feel horny. Before I step on him, I think our little boss should make himself useful one more time." Without another word Natallie stood up, hitched up her skirt, and took off her pants. Then leaning forward, she picked up one of the tiny men, and sat down with an evil smile on her face.

"Well bug," she said holding him up to her face, "you've been trying to get into my pussy ever since I started work here, and I've always said NO. Well today's your lucky day. Today I'm saying YES. Today you're going to get right inside my lovely wet pussy, aren't you pleased little bug?"

"No, please No, anything but that. Have some mercy. You'll kill me in there."

"Maybe, maybe not. It doesn't really matter to me. I don't care whether you're pleased or not, and I certainly don't care if my pussy kills you. Because, even if my pussy doesn't, my foot will. At least this way, you say at least you did *something* useful just once in your pathetic little life."

Natallie put her feet up on the desk and hitched up her skirt. Then with one hand she gently parted her vaginal lips. His terrified scream was abruptly cut short, as with the other, she pushed the little man head first inside her. Taking hold of his feet between her thumb and forefinger, she began to slowly and rhythmically push him in and out of her pussy.

The terrified little man wriggled and squirmed delightfully inside her as he fought for his very life. Natallie didn't care what he was feeling, she just knew that the more he wriggled, the more it excited her, and the more aroused she became. By the time she reached the point of no return, she no longer cared what the others thought of her, or of what she was doing. She was far too engrossed in the ecstasy of the moment. When she came, it was like a wave of euphoria sweeping over her. Surging forward, carrying her over the edge of a great orgasmic climax. She let out an ethereal scream, that seemed to come from the pit of her stomach.

The other women looked on in amazement as Natallie used the tiny man like a dildo. "Wow, that was fantastic." She said as she gradually subsided from the thrill of her orgasm.

"The way he wriggled about inside me, was fantastic. You should try it girls. It's fantastic." She said with a satisfied smile that stretched from ear to ear. As she withdrew the unconscious body from her love canal, and casually tossed him onto the desk, where he landed with a wet splat.

The other women needed no further prompting. They all wanted to experience the same delightful sensations that Natallie had experienced just a few seconds earlier. Underwear was discarded in moments, and soon each woman had a tiny man inside her.

The tiny men however, did not view this sudden turn of events with quite the same enthusiasm. They were absolutely terrified. The first man to be selected by Natallie had barely survived the ordeal with his life, and none of the Female Leviathans appeared to have any concern whatsoever, whether they lived or died. All they seemed to care about was their own sexual enjoyment. If the man survived, then great, they could use him again. If he didn't, it was just too bad.

For the next two hours, the scene was reminiscent of a Roman Orgy. The women used the tiny men in ways that were beyond imagination. By the time they had finished, about a quarter of the tiny men had died, and those that had survived were lying discarded and unconscious on the desk. Slowly, painfully, *very* painfully, the men began to regain consciousness. Meantime the women relaxed with their feet up on the desk smoking and chatting amongst themselves.

Two of the men tried to make a dash for freedom. Running across the desk towards the telephone, hoping to use the cable to slide down to the floor below. Fiona saw them and brought her foot crashing down in front of them. They ran headlong into the pliant wall of flesh that was the heel of her foot. Bouncing backwards, they fell in a dishevelled heap on the desk top.

"Where the hell do you think you're going ?". Demanded Fiona. "We haven't finished with you yet.". The two terrified men stared up at her huge face, wondering what their colossal captors were going to do next. They did not have to wait very long.

One of the women went over and turned on the built in stereo system, the room was filled with the sound of soft music. She re-tuned the radio to one of the local stations and classical music was replaced by modern pop tunes. Natallie and Fiona began to have a dance to the music. moving around the floor of the office as they danced.

With a devilish glint in her eye, Natallie looked over to the desk. "I've just had a great idea Cindy. Let's have a dance on the desk."

The two women used a chair to climb up on the desk top and began to dance in time to the music. The tiny men scattered in all directions as they desperately tried to avoid the deadly feet crashing down all around them. Those that were already dead were crushed to nothing more than tiny stains on the polished wooden surface. One by one the tiny men were caught beneath the colossal feet and crushed to death by the dancing women, with no more concern than they would give to some insignificant insect. After about fifteen minutes the desk top was spotted with tiny red stains, all that was left of what a few hours earlier, had been fourteen full grown men.

"Hey, how the hell are we going to explain that half of the senior executives have gone missing in one day ?.". Asked Fiona.

"No problem. We'll just hire a mini bus on the company account and tell the cops that they went out to some secret destination. We don't know where, and they've just disappeared without trace."

"But what about the bus ?, it'll be traced."

"Oh no it won't. Just leave that to us." Said Nicole.

Later that day, a mini bus was delivered to the company's basement garage. Nicole and Shara greeted the driver and signed for delivery of the vehicle. The driver thanked the ladies kindly for the tip they gave him, and went on his way. Shara followed in her car as Nicole drove the bus out to a deserted road in the desert. When she were satisfied that there was no danger of being discovered, Nicole pulled over to the side of the road.

Shara stopped the car a few yards behind the mini bus, and joined her sister. The two women touched their rings together and in seconds they towered over the tiny vehicle. Nicole lifted her huge foot and stamped down on the hapless bus, it disappeared completely beneath her foot with a metallic crunch. Nicole stamped her foot several more times until the bus was nothing more than a flattened piece of metal no more than six inches thick.

Kneeling down she picked up the flattened remains and touched rings with her sister. In seconds the sisters had returned to normal size and Nicole was holding a tiny piece of flattened metal in her hand. The tiny piece of metal looked like a drink can run over by a truck. Satisfied that she had crushed it beyond recognition, Nicole tossed it away. The two sisters drove back to the office to announce "Mission accomplished". As far as any one in the office was concerned, the men had simply driven off in the mini bus, and disappeared.

Of course the police were called and they conducted a thorough investigation, but with no clues to give even a hint of what had happened, they had no alternative but to let the case drop and go unsolved. They had far more important things to do than go chasing around the country looking for non-existent clues to what had happened.

Meanwhile the office continued to run smoothly as the women carried on their work, while upstairs the directors desperately searched for people to replace the missing executives. When one of the directors came down to the main office on a routine visit, he saw how efficiently the office was running and reported back to the board. A short while later it was decided to "Recruit From Within" and Beverley was promoted to "Office Manager". Thanks to the increased efficiency of the office under her leadership, more women were promoted to executive status, and the company grew from strength to strength.

When ever one of the male executives started asking too many awkward questions about what the women thought had happened to the missing men. The women just told him the same story they had told the police. They had just driven off into the sunset, and disappeared.

Nicole and Shara were rapidly promoted through the companies ranks, until they were both made Vice Presidents. There was very little objection to their promotion from the other executives, despite the fact that most of them had been with the company almost from the day they left college. Mainly because anyone who voiced even the slightest objection, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared without trace. Never to be seen again.

The word soon got around, both within the company, and throughout the business world in general, that it was not a good idea to mess with these women. "You might not live long enough to regret it". There could certainly be no objections with regard to their work. Contracts were won with almost consummate ease, all their competitors either withdrawing their bids or suddenly being hit with devastating "Accidents". In either case the result was the same. The women's company succeeded in winning the contract.

Within the company, women were promoted a lot quicker than they ever had before. Men, on the other hand were forced to accept subordinate positions to the women, or get fired. Some of the female bosses were such task masters, (or should that be task mistresses), that they made the slave drivers of ancient times look like wimps.

One woman demanded that her male secretary take dictation while lying on the floor. She would then casually walk around the office as she dictated the letters. If, as was frequently the case, he was in her way, she simply trampled all over him. It didn't matter to her whether she was barefoot, or wearing high heels, but woe betide him if his shorthand was affected in any way when she stepped on him.

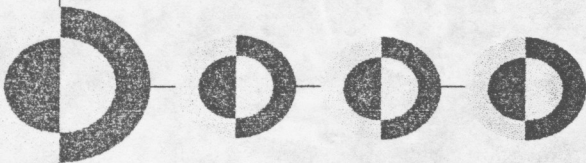
The slightest variation in his writing, meant that he had to rewrite the whole letter in long hand while lying on the floor of the main office, where the other women were free to trample him underfoot as often as they wished. Only when he had managed to write the letter from start to finish in perfect handwriting, was he allowed to return to his desk and type the letter out on his computer terminal. If he hadn't finished by the time the women finished work for the night, then he had to remain until he had completed all his work for that day.

You might wonder why any man would stand for such treatment. The answer, dear reader, is perfectly simple. It was in his contract. Admittedly in very small print, but when he was shown the clause, that allowed his boss to use and abuse him in any way she chose, he realised that there was absolutely nothing he could do about the situation. He just had to lie there and let her trample him underfoot whenever she pleased.

Let this serve as a cautionary tale dear reader. *Always* read the small print *before* signing any contract. Otherwise you might suffer the same fate as this unfortunate male secretary.

Also, and even more importantly, if you happen to come across a company with two female Vice Presidents, both of whom are truly beautiful women, Nicole being just five feet four inches tall, piercing brown eyes, hair as black as coal, and skin the colour of polished mahogany. Shara almost her twin except that she was about three inches taller at five feet seven inches tall, but with the same piercing brown eyes and black hair. DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, EVEN CONTEMPLATE GETTING THEM ANGRY. IT IS VERY DOUBTFUL THAT YOU WOULD LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET IT !!!

THE END ???



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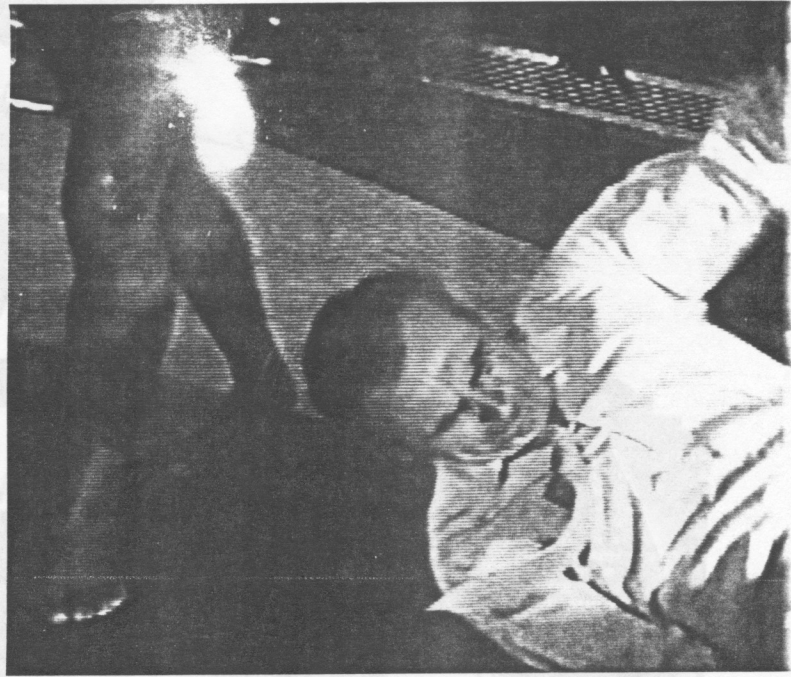
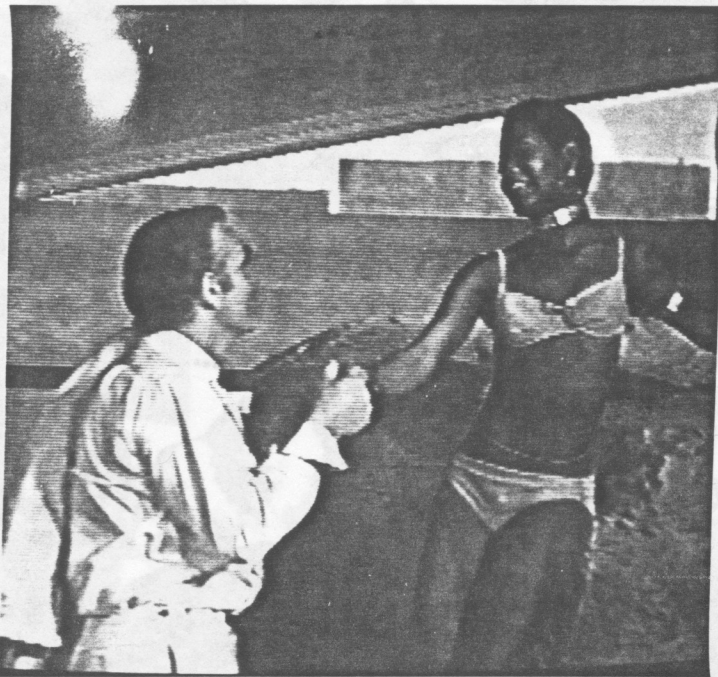
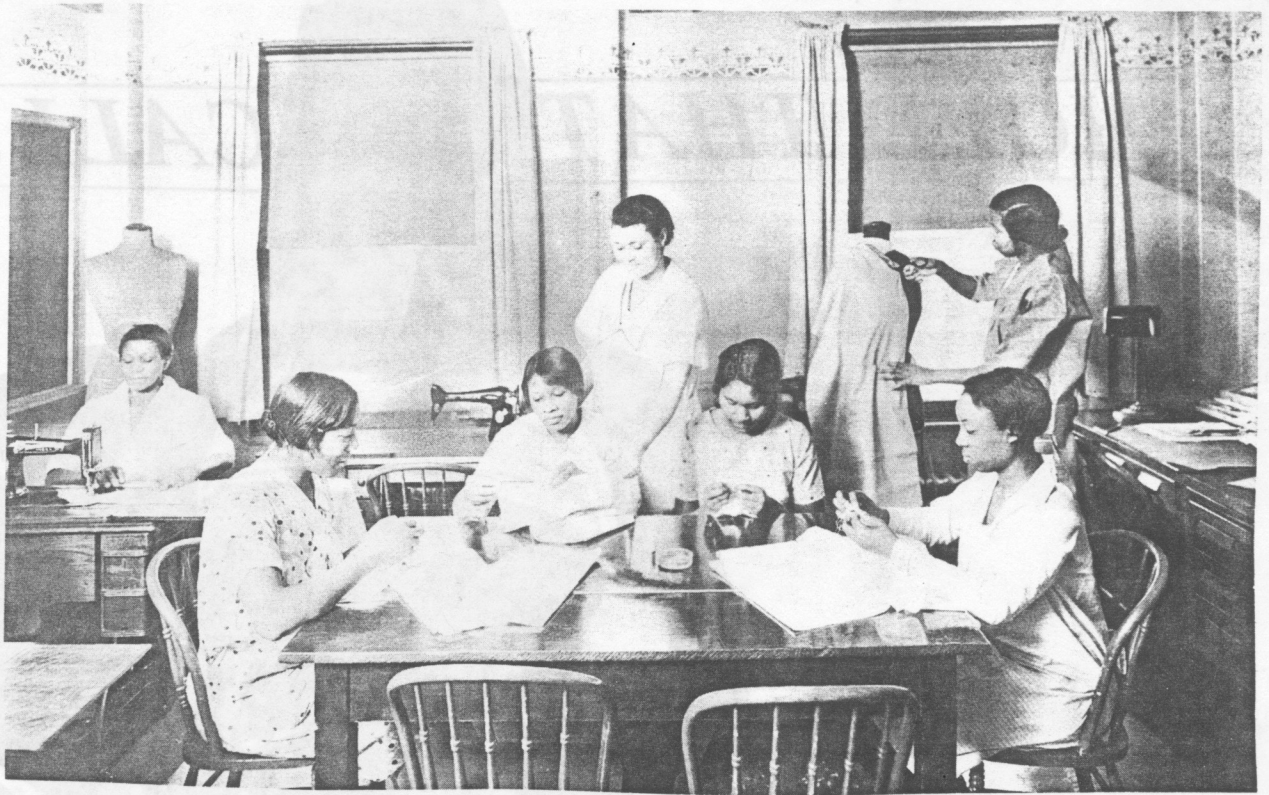
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HOLD THAT CALL!



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SHE ROLLS IN THE MIND LIKE
A TIDAL WAVE
GONE WILD...
SHE WIELDS HER SULTRY VOICE
LIKE MAGIC, THEN DEEP MOANS
...OH SHE ALLMIGHTY...
OH SINISTER GODDESS WHO
SPILLS ALL OVER FLESH LIKE
A WARM STREAM ON A COOL
NIGHT

SHE KEEPS SECRETS AND
PUZZLES BUT INTRIGUES WITH
HER LURING SMILE
EYES LIKE A TIGRESS...LIPS
FULL, RIPE LIKE THE SWEET-
EST UNPLUCKED FRUITS.

SEXUAL ENCHANTRESS IS SHE
WHO FEEDS OFF OF LOVE, WHO
DRINKS OF AS MUCH LUST TO
BE SUPPLIED BY HER MANY
SUITORS...THEY STARE IN
PRAISE OF HER SENSUOUS,
MAJESTIC LIMBS...COCOA SKIN
AND HER CURVES THAT RISE
AND FALL WITH THE INTRIGUE
OF THE SUN.

KNOCKOUT (c)1997

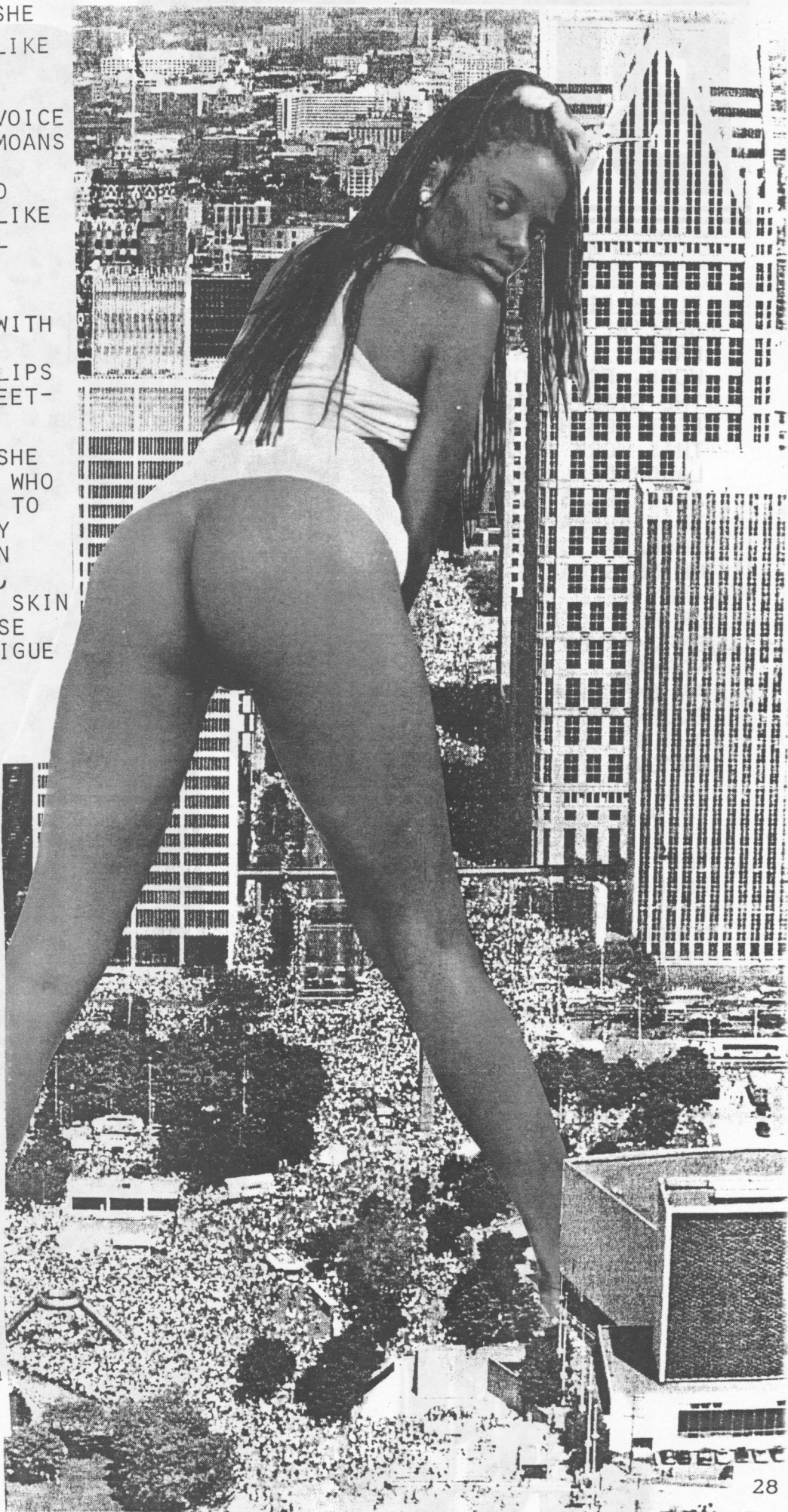
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VIOLENCE AGAINST ALL WOMEN ACROSS THE EARTH MUST CEASE!





'Soul' and Style

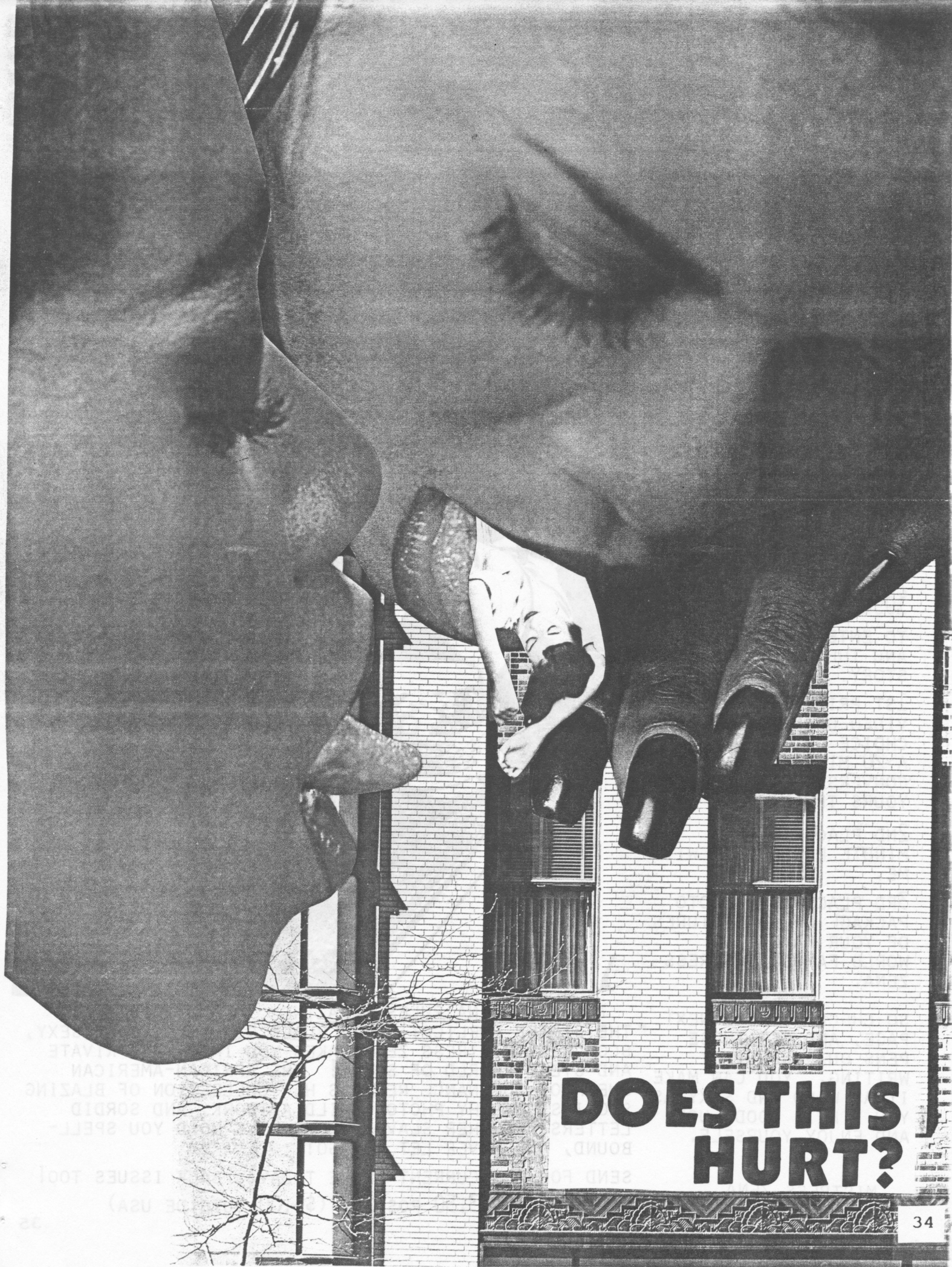
the bottom line is always "gigantism."











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HURT?**

TO ALL MY FANS, FOOT
BOYS, SLAVES, LITTLE
PEOPLE, AND ADMIRERS,

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR
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ME.

3RD PLACE IS A PHOTO
PACKAGE OF 15 PICTURES
OF YOUR FAVORITE,
WORLD FAMOUS MISTRESS
ZENA.

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PAGE, AND GET THOSE
PENS OUT AND START
WRITING. YOU CAN MAKE
IT AS WILD AND SEXY AS
YOU LIKE. GOOD LUCK
AND ENJOY YOURSELF.

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WRITERS CONTEST

STORY 1

THE SUDDEN INTRUSION OF THE HARSH, OVERHEAD LAMP STARTLED MARCIA, THE FIVE-FOOT EIGHT INCH, SHAPELY BLOND FEMALE LAY CURLED UP LIKE A BALL, NAKED, ON THE COLD DUNGEON FLOOR. SHE HAD NO IDEA WHAT TIME IT WAS; BUT THE BUSTY, RED-LIPPED CEO OF MARTECH CORP, KNEW THIS WAS WHERE SHE WANTED TO BE. MRS MARCIA GAMBLE TRIED TO MAKE HER EYES CLEAR AND ADJUST TO THE WHITE LIGHT, SHE LIFTED HER HEAD.

"KEEP YOUR EYES DOWN, GIRL."

THE DEEP, COMMANDING VOICE BELONGED TO AN OLD CLASSMATE FROM COLLEGE DAYS. MISTRESS ZENA STEPPED INTO THE LIGHT AND LOOKED DOWN UPON HER OLD, BRAINY FRIEND. ALL MARCIA COULD DO WAS OBEY... FEELING HURT AT BEING DEPRIVED OF THE HONOR OF DRINKING IN THE BEAUTY OF HER TALL, BLACK MISTRESS.

"CLEAN THE DUNGEON OR ELSE YOU'LL GET SOME MORE," THE MUSCULAR, EBONY WOMAN DANGLED THE WHIP INCHES AWAY FROM THE NAKED, SMILING FIGURE ON THE FLOOR. MISTRESS ZENA TURNED SUDDENLY AND PICKED UP THE LEATHER APPOINTMENT BOOK.

"LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE UNAVAILABLE TODAY," SHE SAID, AS THE BLACK WOMAN LEFT THE ROOM, TUMBING THROUGH THE EXECUTIVE'S LIST OF DUTIES. MARCIA COULD HEAR HER LAUGHING AS SHE CLICKED DOWN THE HALL. LISTENING MORE INTENTLY SHE COULD ALSO HEAR THE SOUND OF PAPER BEING TORN TO SHREDS.

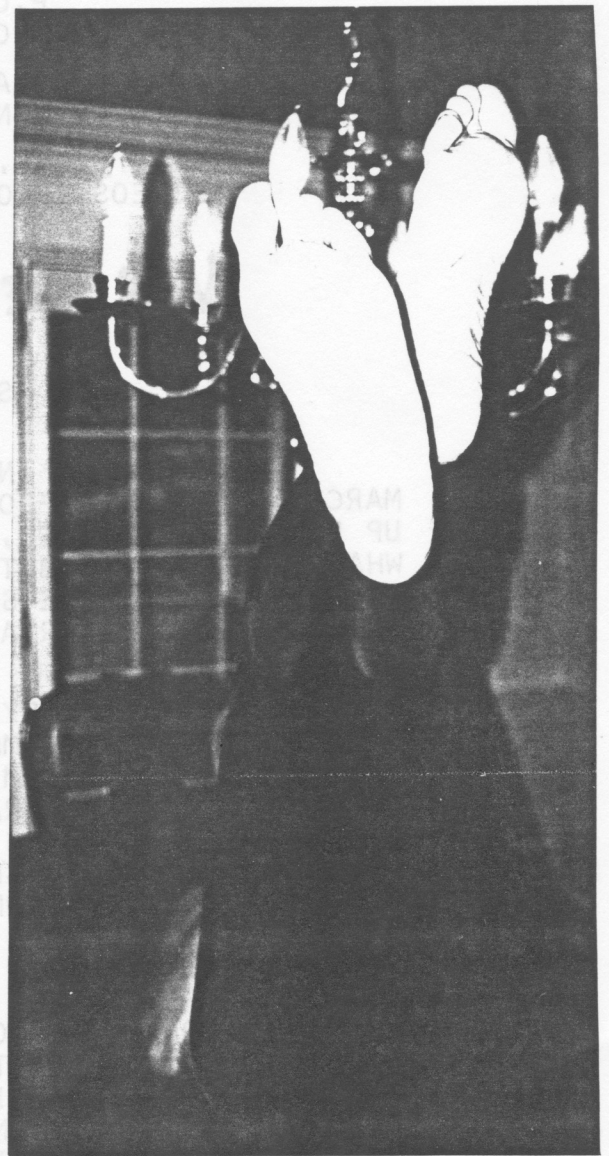
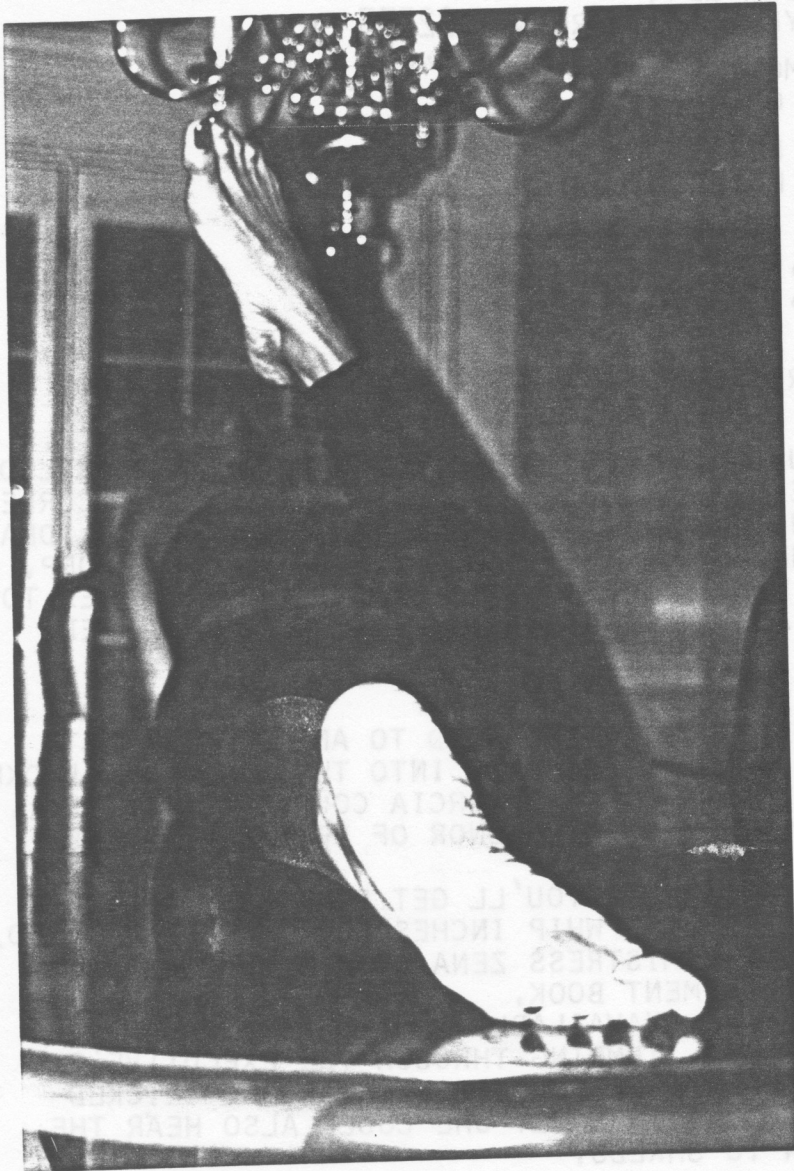
STORY 2

SHE SWUNG OPENED THE DOOR, AND HER BROWN EYES FLASHED A STERN, DEADLY LOOK. "YOU'RE LATE FOR CLASS." HIS STOMACH TREMBLED AT THE SOUND. "NOW GO OVER THERE AND TAKE YOUR SEAT," SHE ORDERED. "YES, MS. ZENA," EDDIE SAID, PASSING HER SWIFTLY THROUGH THE THRESHOLD.

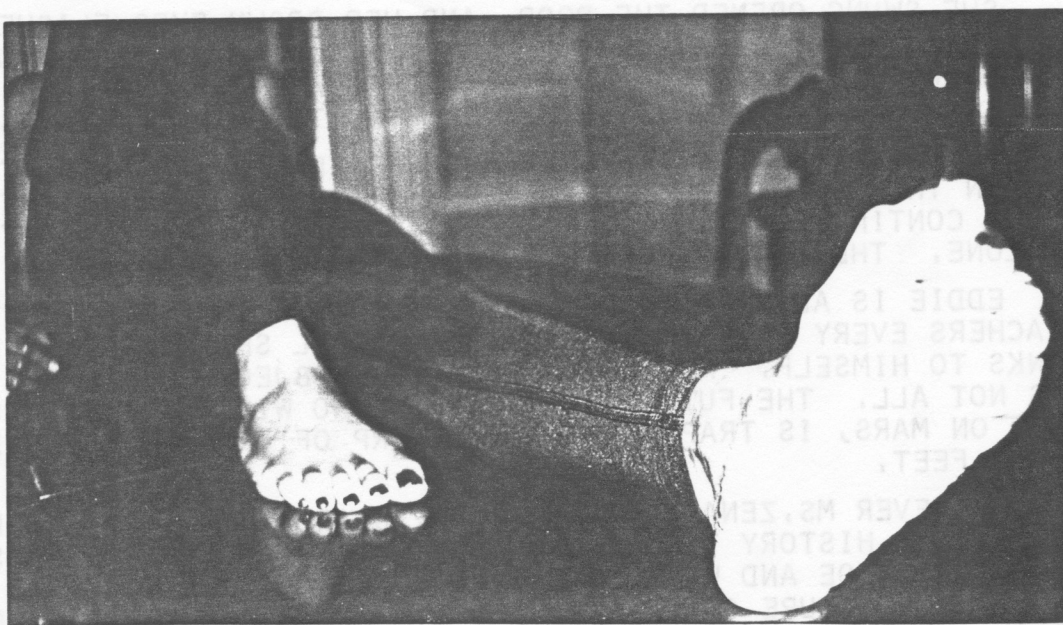
MS. ZENA IS A REGAL, SELF-ASSURED TEACHER. SHE CONTINUES HER LECTURE ON THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SPACE PROGRAM. POINTING TO THE GLOBE SHE CONTINUES. "GORDON COOPER WAS THE LAST AMERICAN TO GO INTO SPACE ALONE. THE REASON FOR THIS WAS..."

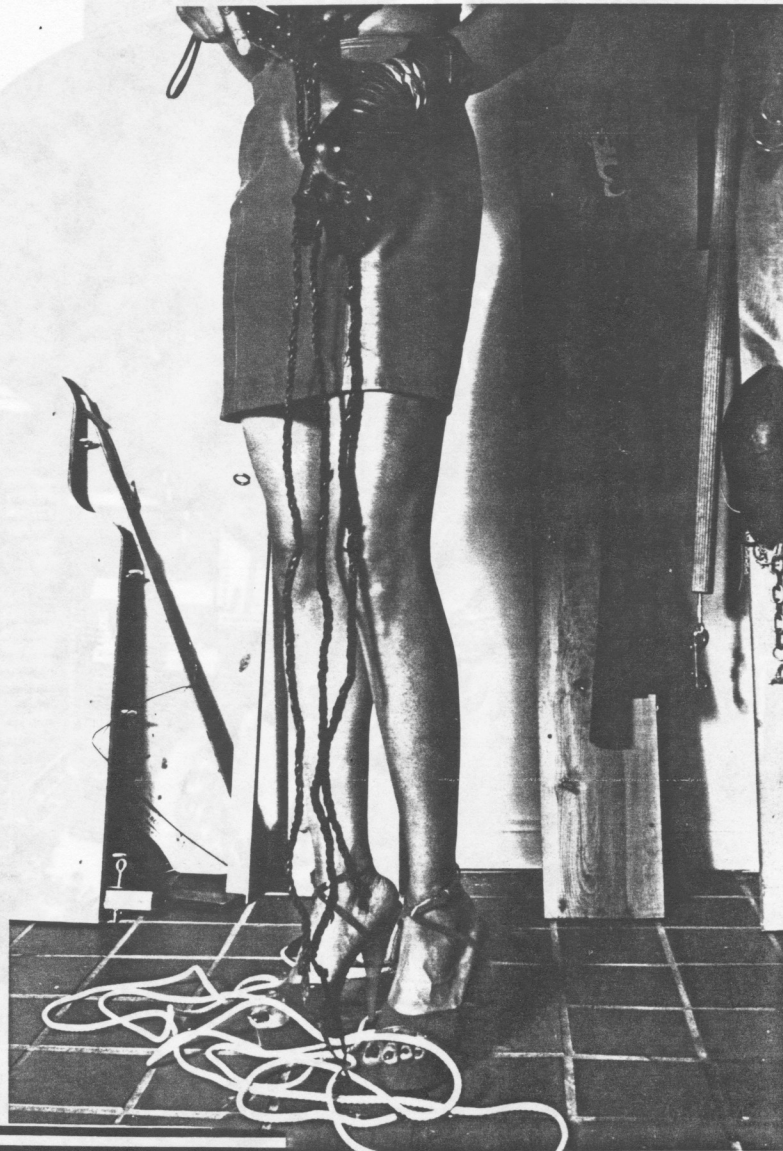
EDDIE IS ALREADY IN ORBIT. THE CHESTNUT-HAIRED SOPHMORE FOLLOWS HIS TEACHERS EVERY MOVE. SHE HAS A WONDERFUL SHADE OF DARK BROWN SKIN, HE THINKS TO HIMSELF. HER COMMAND OF THE SUBJECT OVERPOWERS HIM. BUT THAT IS NOT ALL. THE FUTURE ASTRONAUNT, WHO WILL BE THE FIRST MAN TO SET FOOT ON MARS, IS TRAPPED IN A TIMEWARP OF FANTASY-BEING DOMINATED UNDER HER FEET.

WHENEVER MS. ZENA STOPPED AT THE BOARD TO ANSWER A QUESTION FROM A STUDENT, THE HISTORY TEACHER WOULD LIFT ONE OF HER GORGEOUS, SIZE 10 FEET FROM HER SHOE AND WIGGLE HER LONG RED POLISHED TOES, AS IF TO AIR THEM OUT. THE FUTURE COLONEL EDWARD I. MARTIN, WOULD IMAGINE HIMSELF SEATED INSIDE HER RED, HIGH-HEELED SHOE. HE IMAGINED THAT HER SHOE WAS HIS SPACECRAFT.

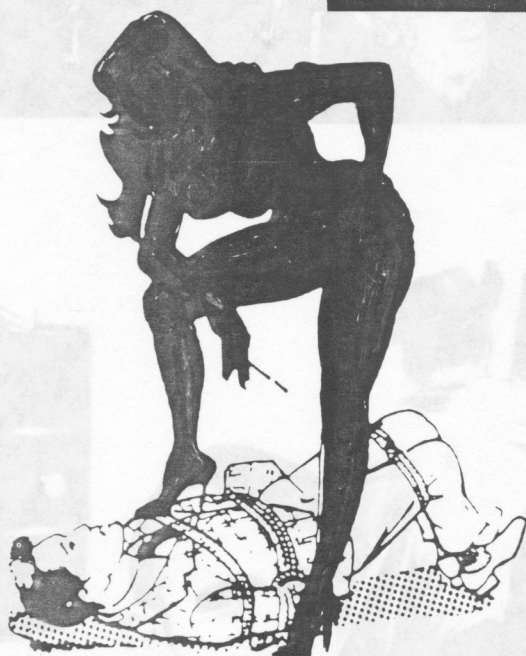


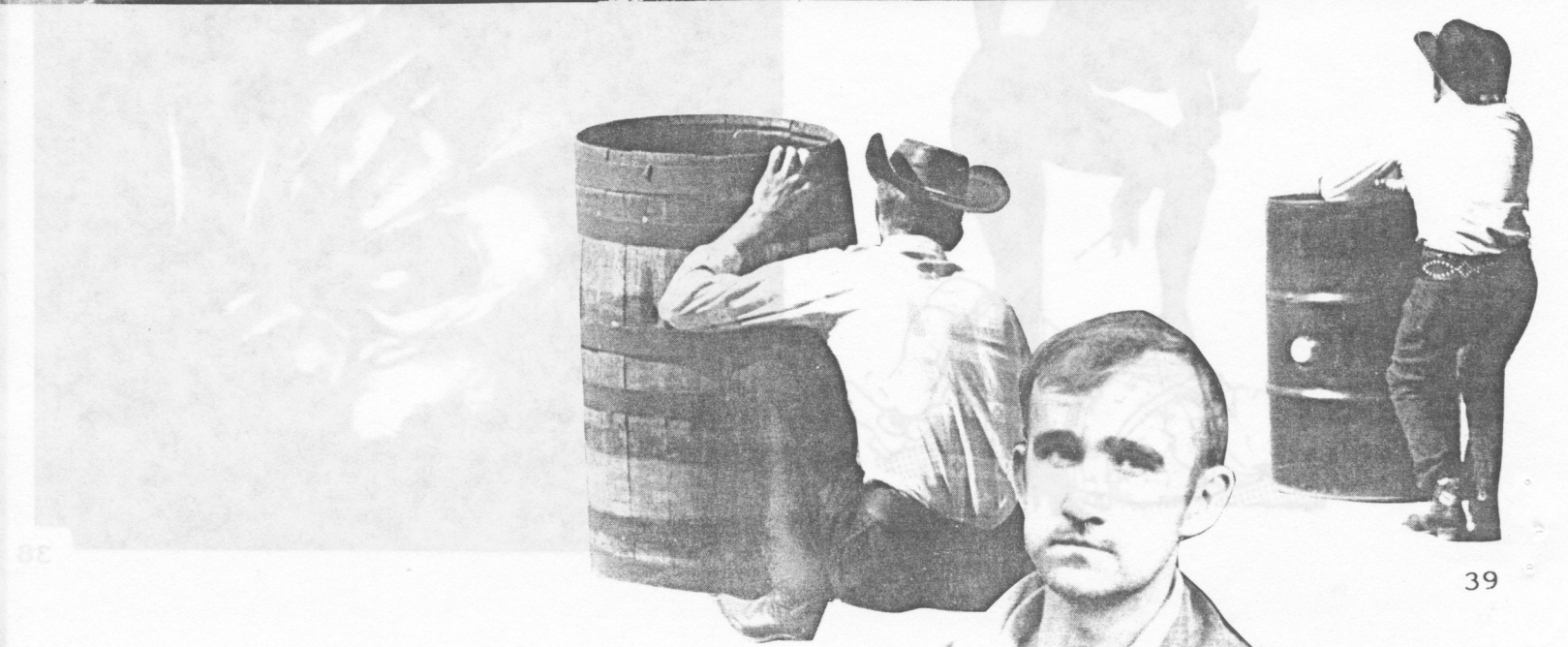
THE BEAUTIFUL TOES, HEELS, AND SOLES OF
MISTRESS ZENA. OH LUCKY MAN!!!





**Your Mistress Has a
Line Into Your Soul**





Playing
at
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WHAT'S A FOOT?

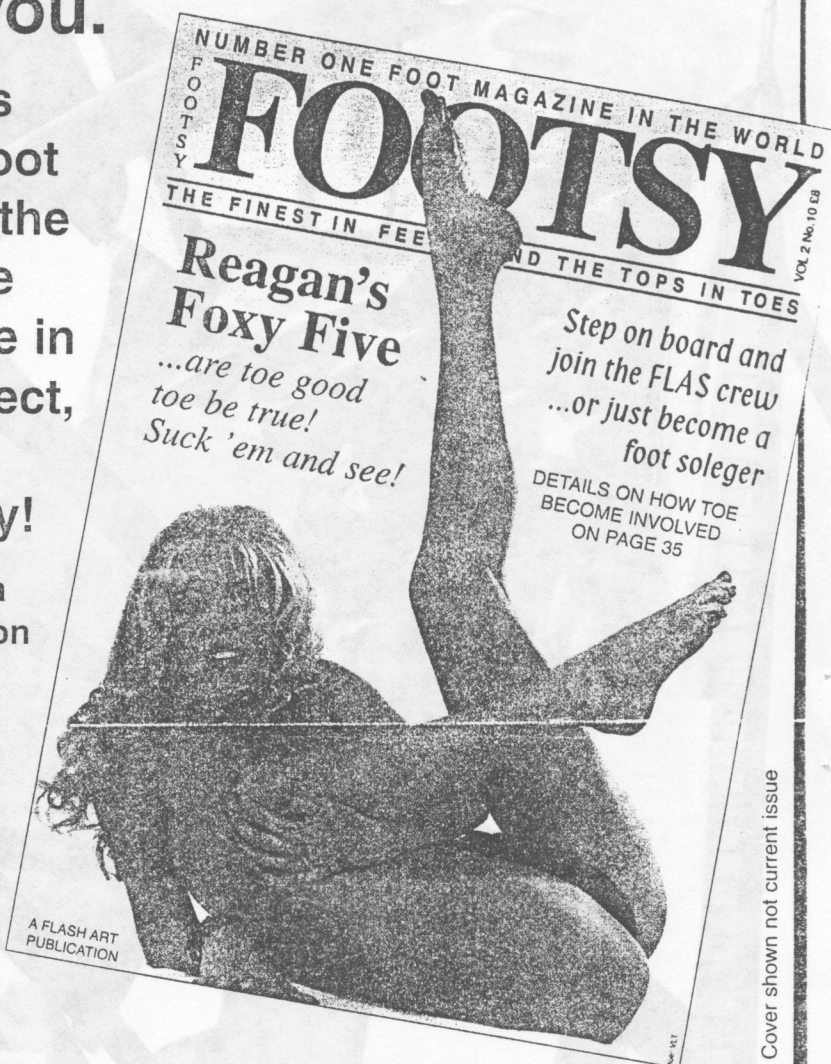
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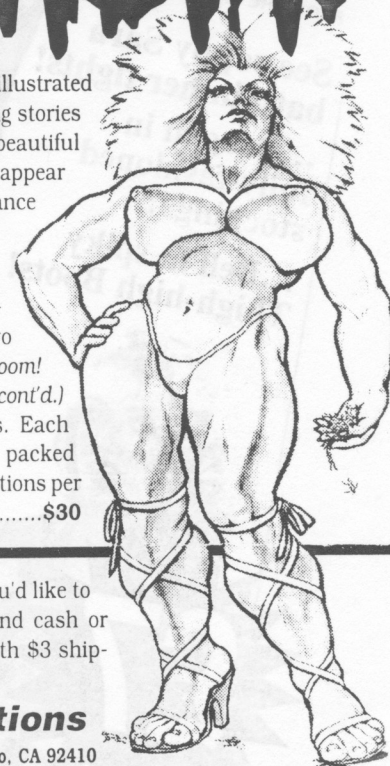
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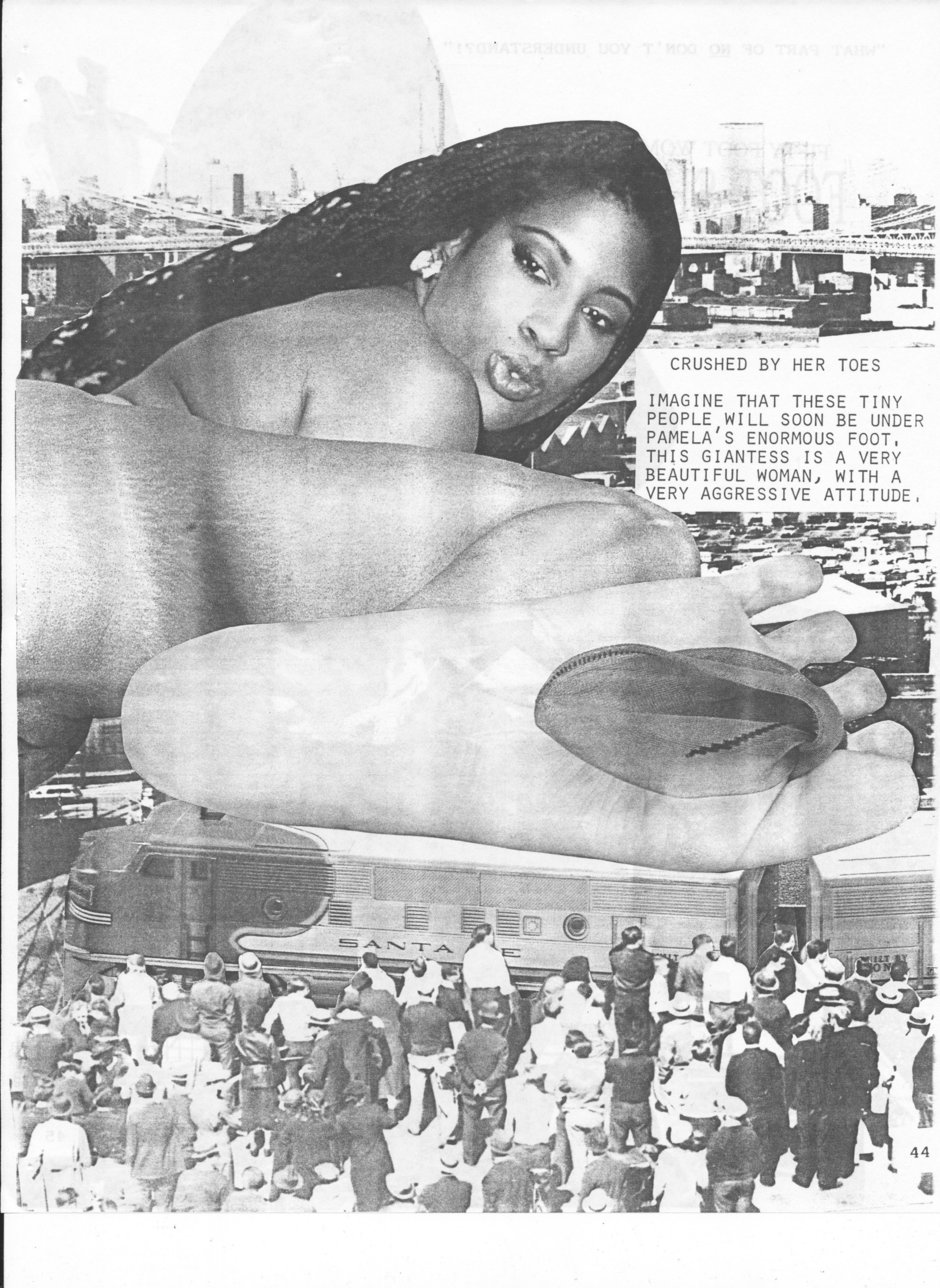
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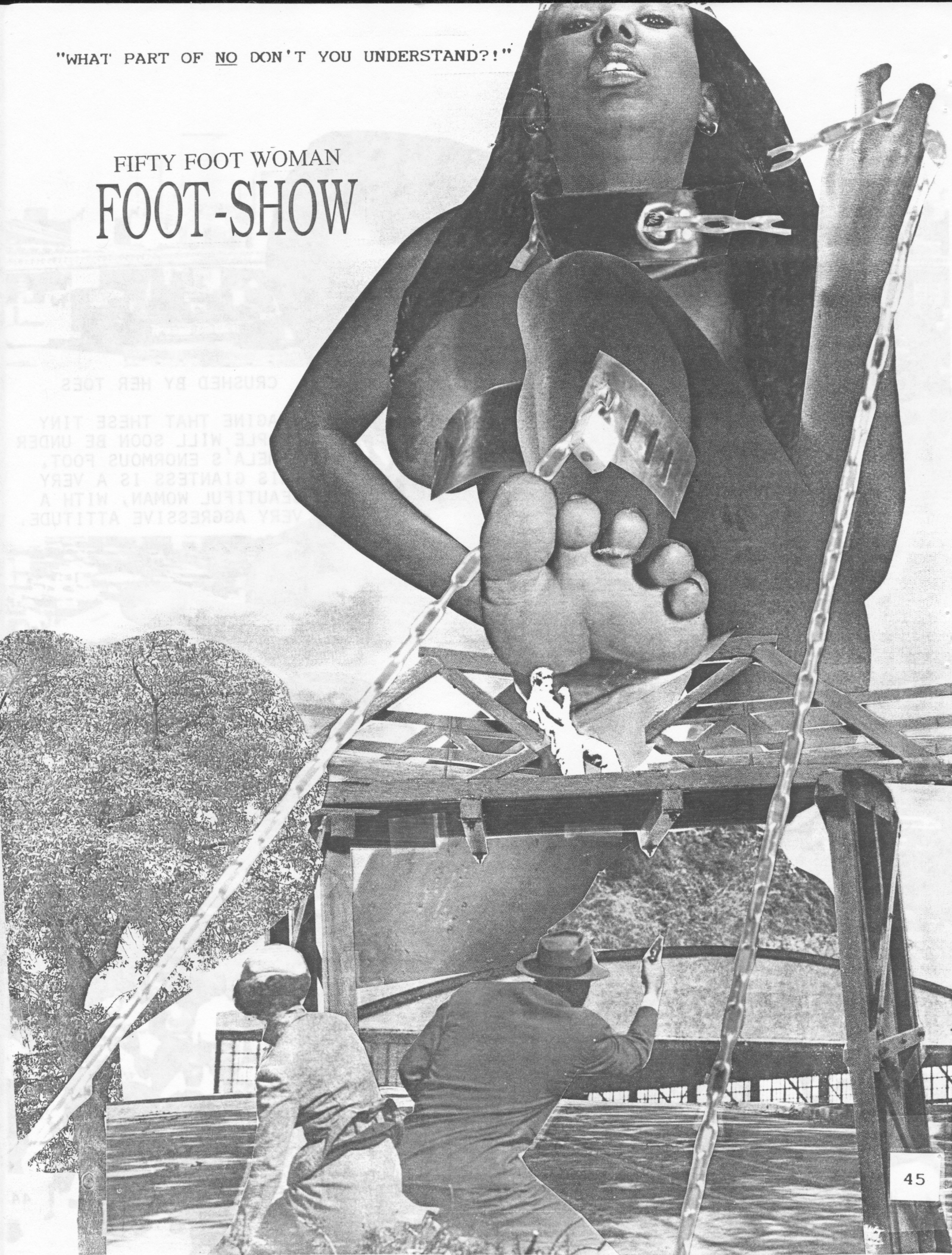
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CRUSHED BY HER TOES

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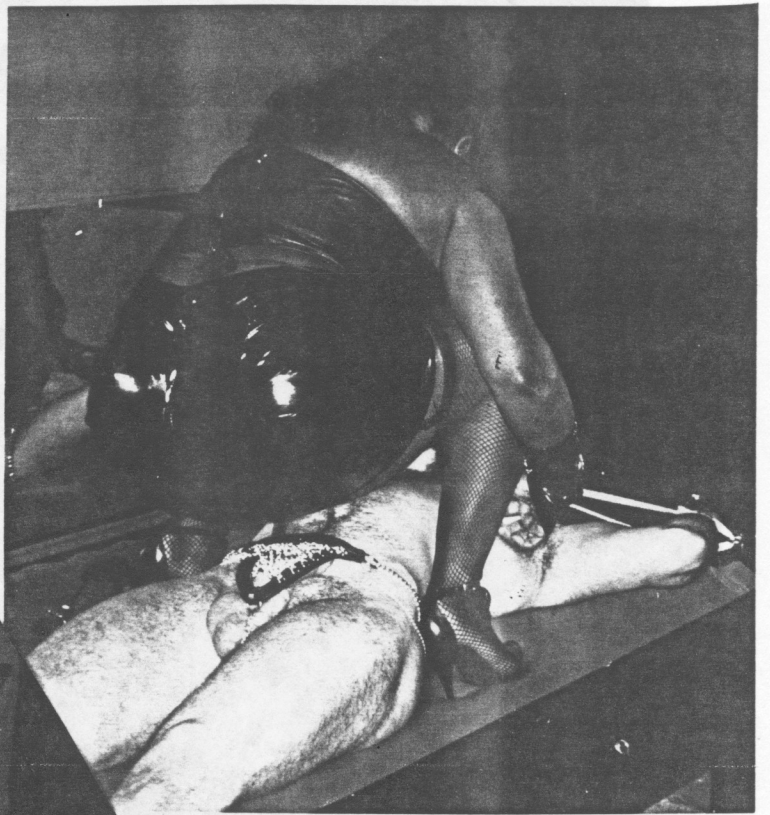




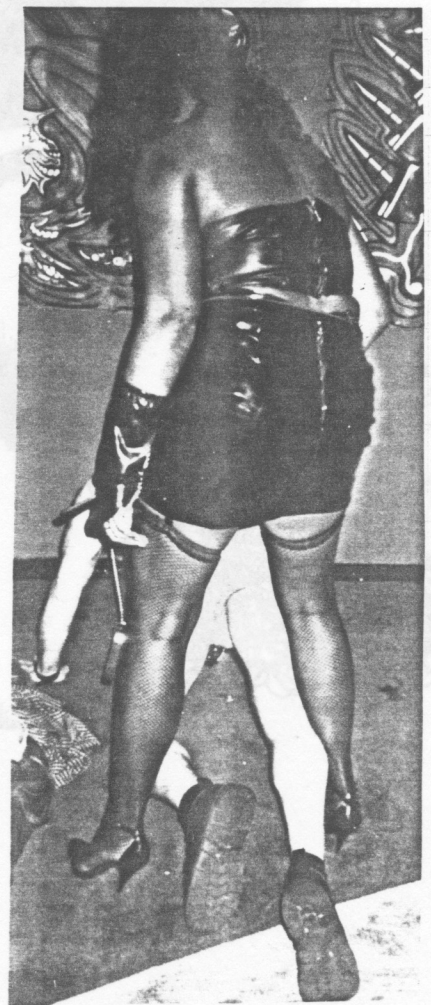
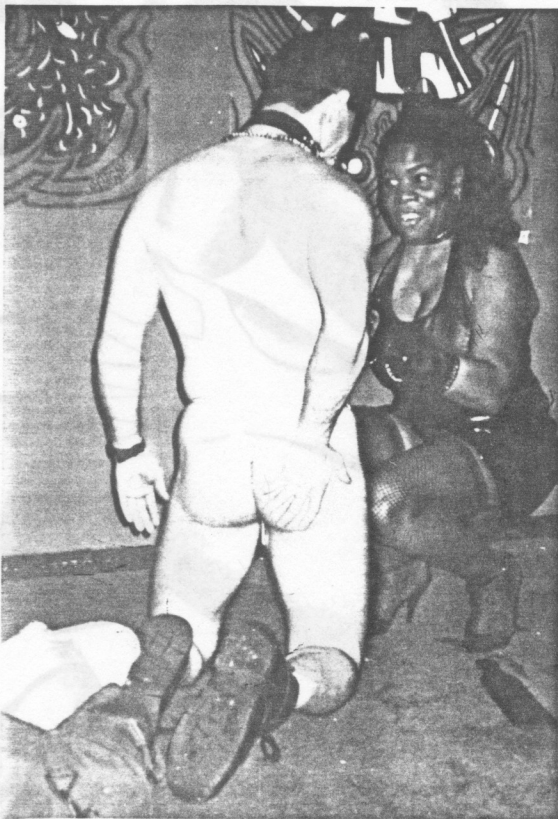
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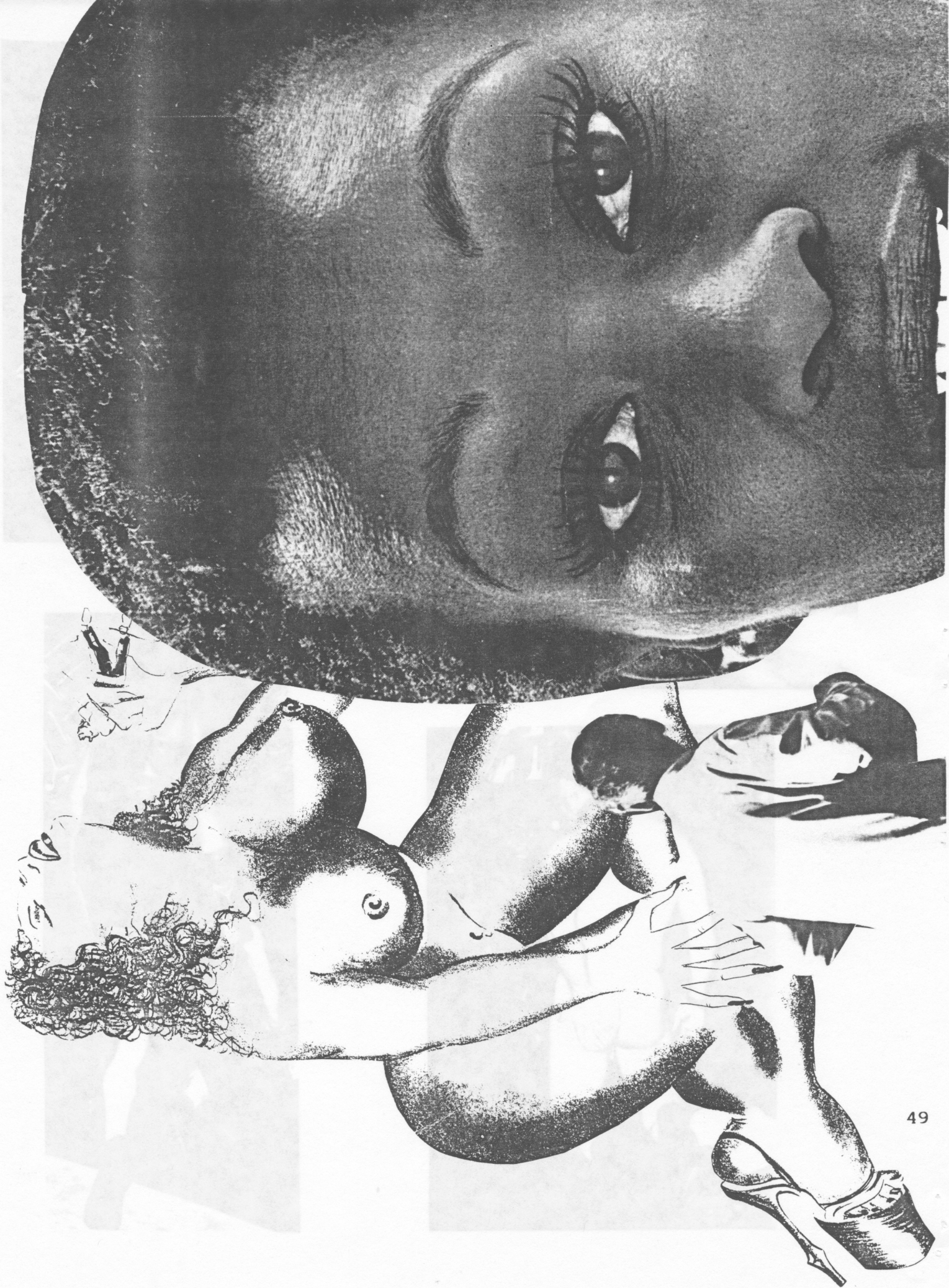


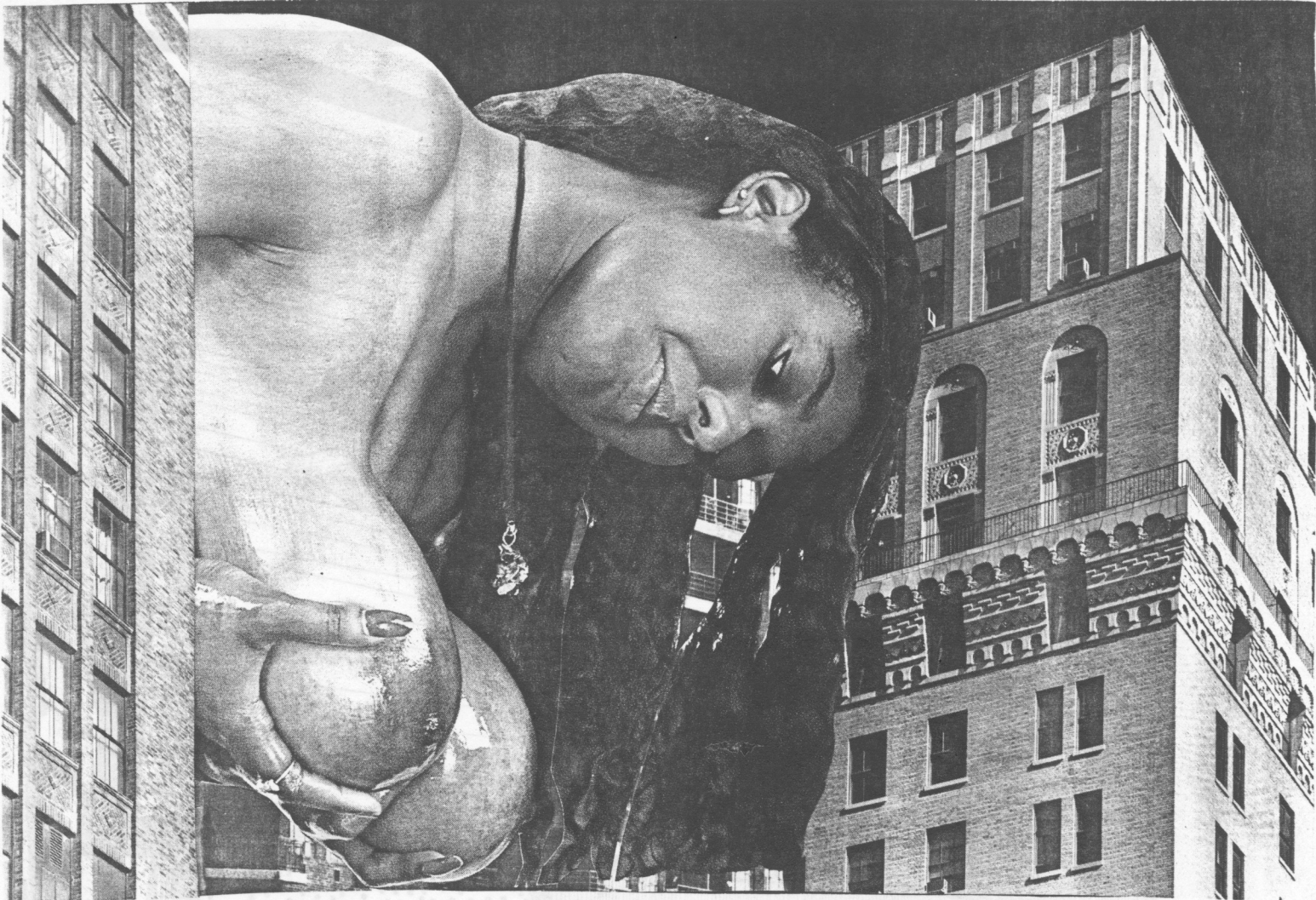
FROM A SHOW I CONDUCTED
AT THE BERLIN UNDERGROUND,
A HOT, NEW YORK CITY PLAYSPLACE.



QUEEN COCOA MICHELLE







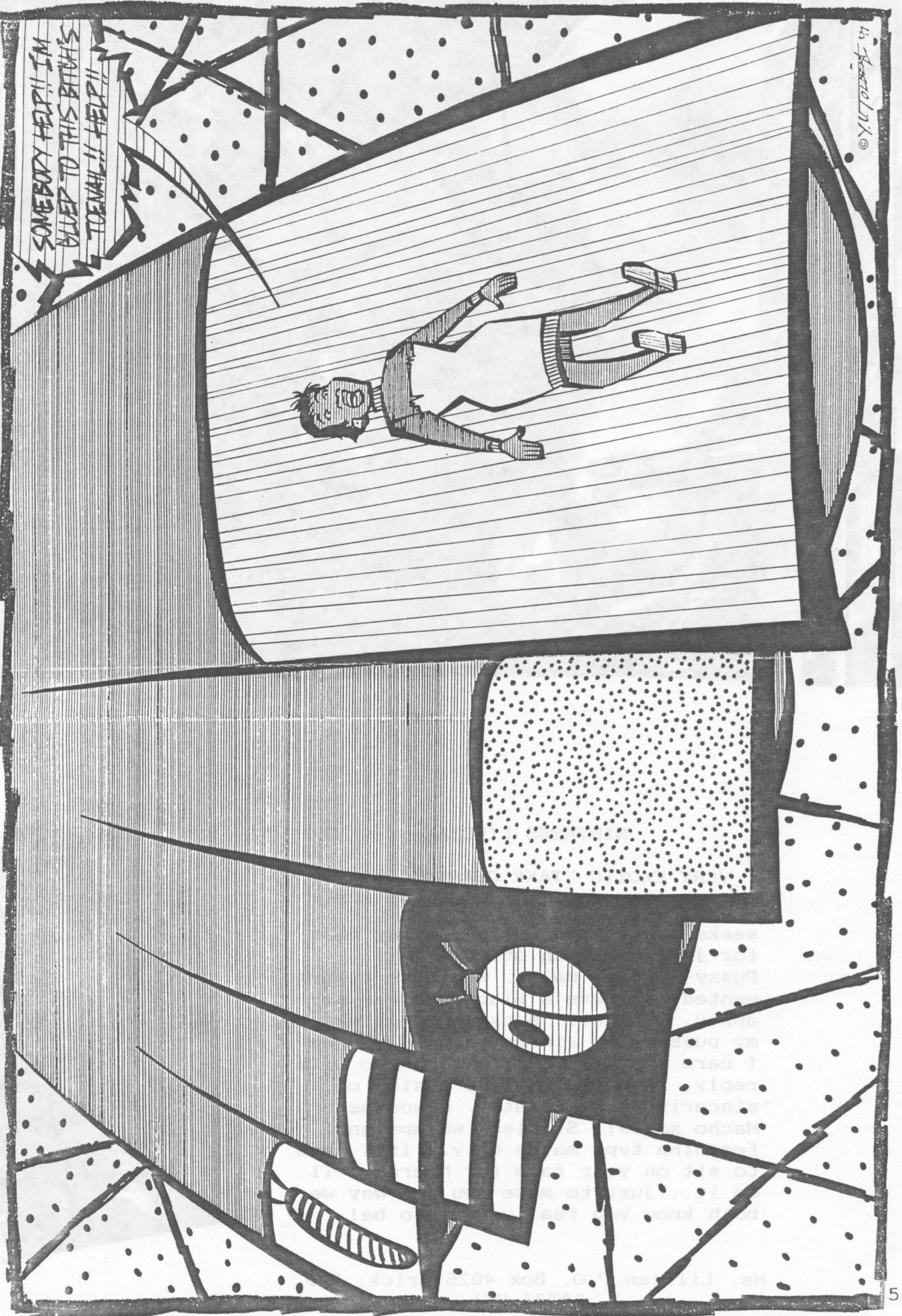
MISTRESS LILLIAN

VERY EXOTIC "TAKE CHARGE" WOMAN

seeks men who will crawl at my feet for just a breath of me. Only Pussy-whipped males, who have always wanted to serve a Black Goddess may apply. You will suck my toes, eat my pussy, and rim my asshole...when I care for it. SASE gets photo with reply. Send Tribute as a sign of sincerity. No inmates, druggies or Macho sorts! Sissies, whimps and feminine type males only. If I have to sit on your face for hours, I'll do it...just to make you the way we both know you really want to be!

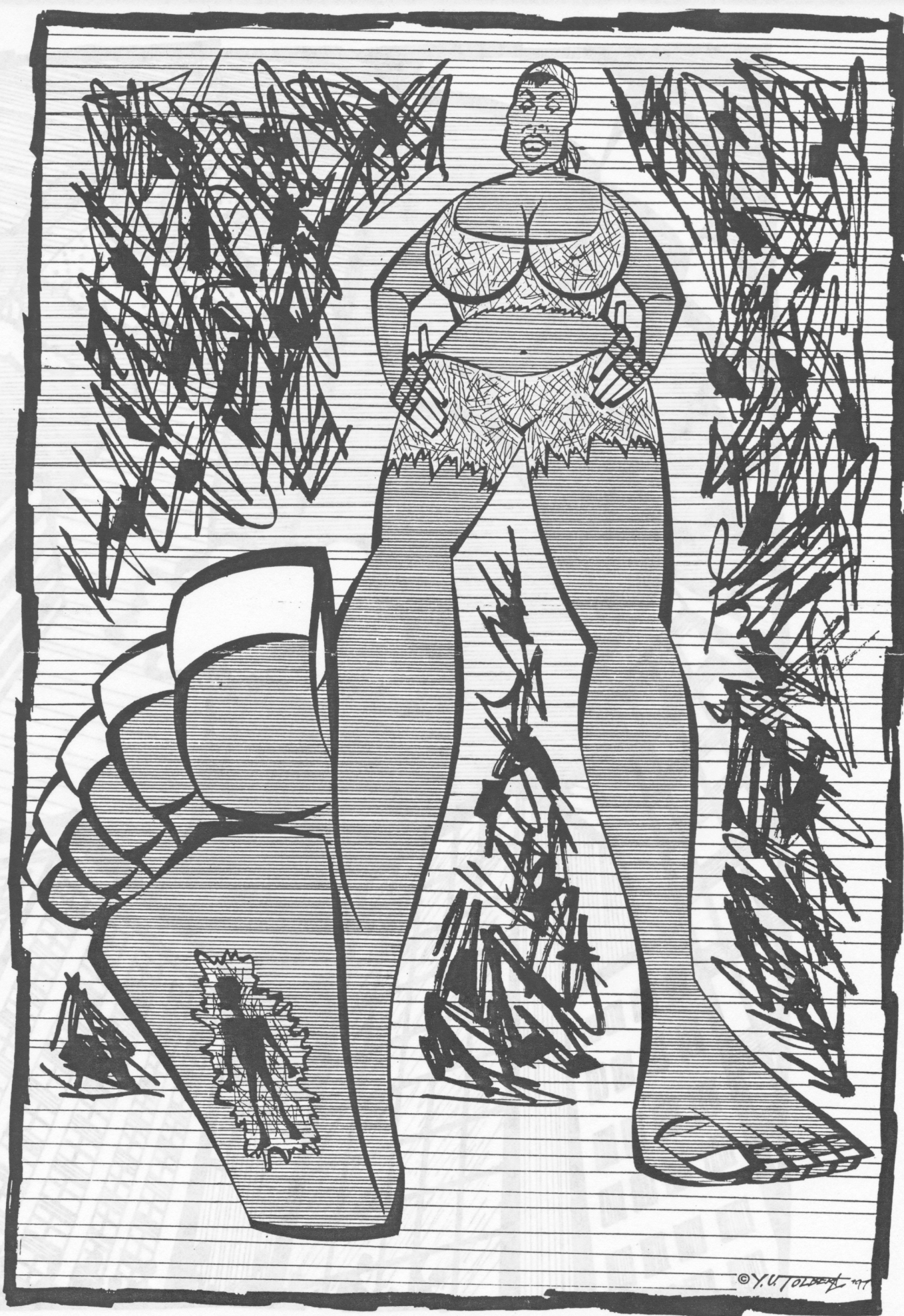


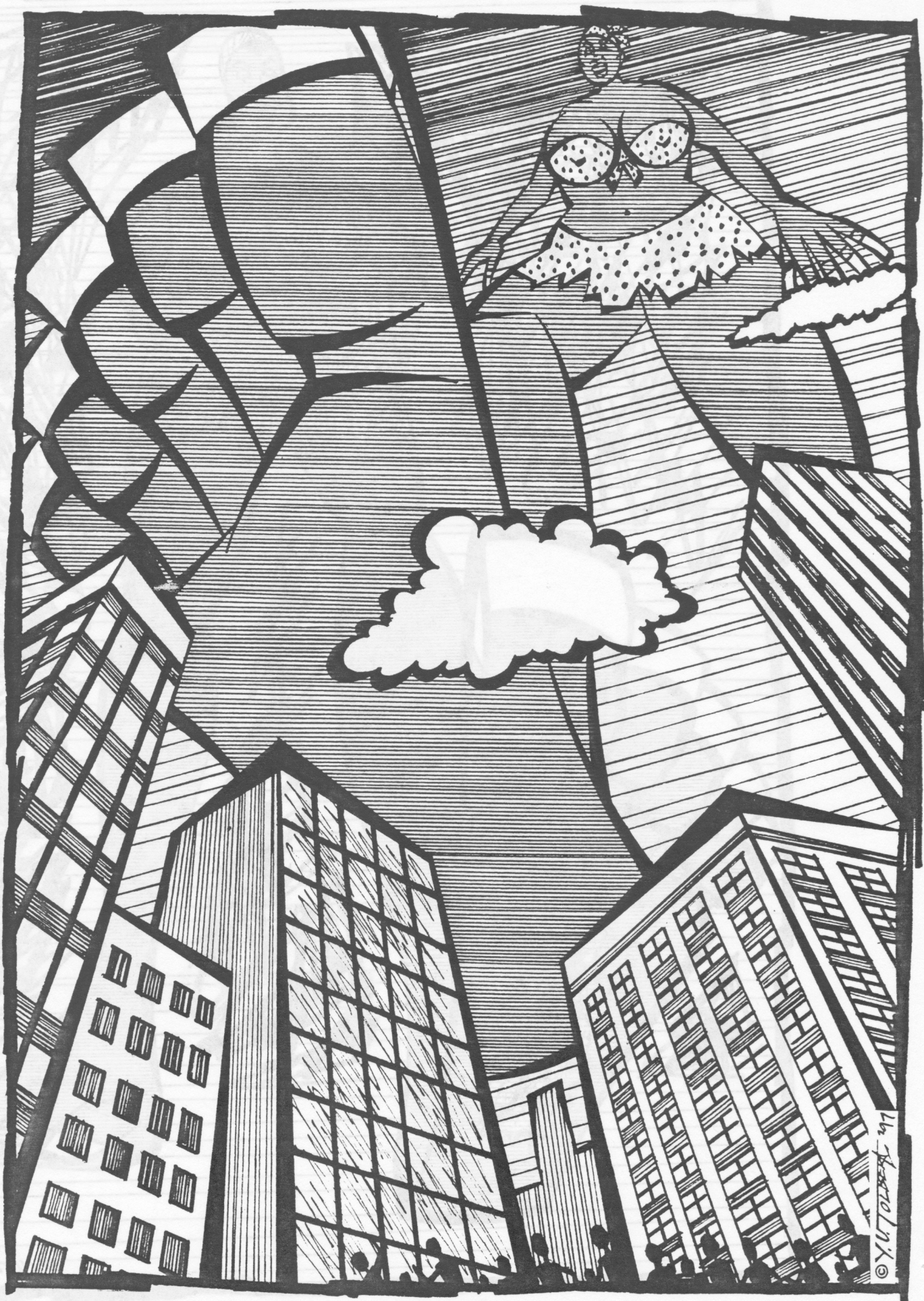
Ms. Lillian P.O. Box 4026 Brick, N.J.
08723 USA

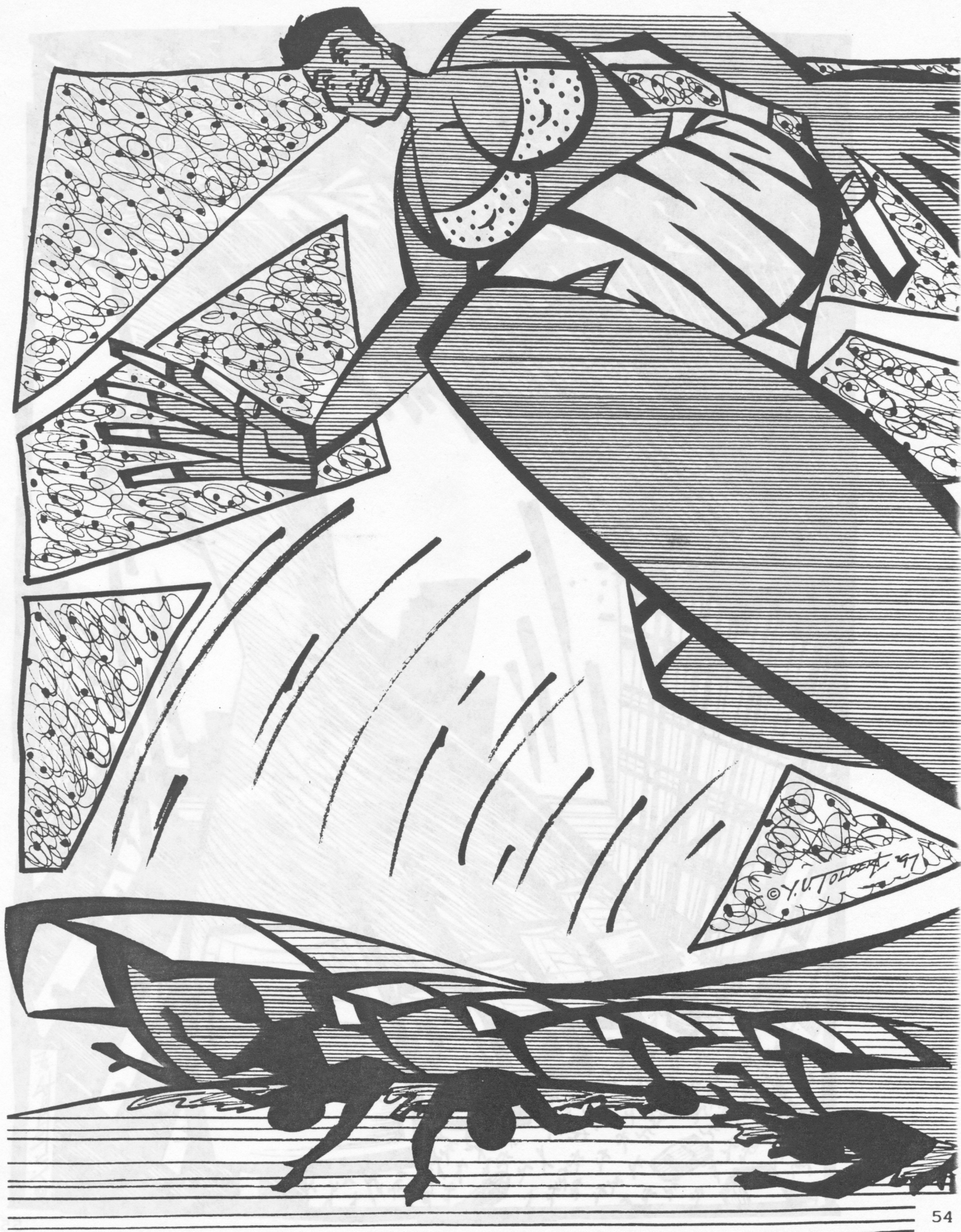


IT'S A LITTLE BIT OF A
SOMEONE HELP IN

in the back of the









Black Giantess Anthology Comix

BY YUL TAYLOR

IN: "A BLACK GIANTESS'S TOUR OF DOWNTOWN DETROIT"



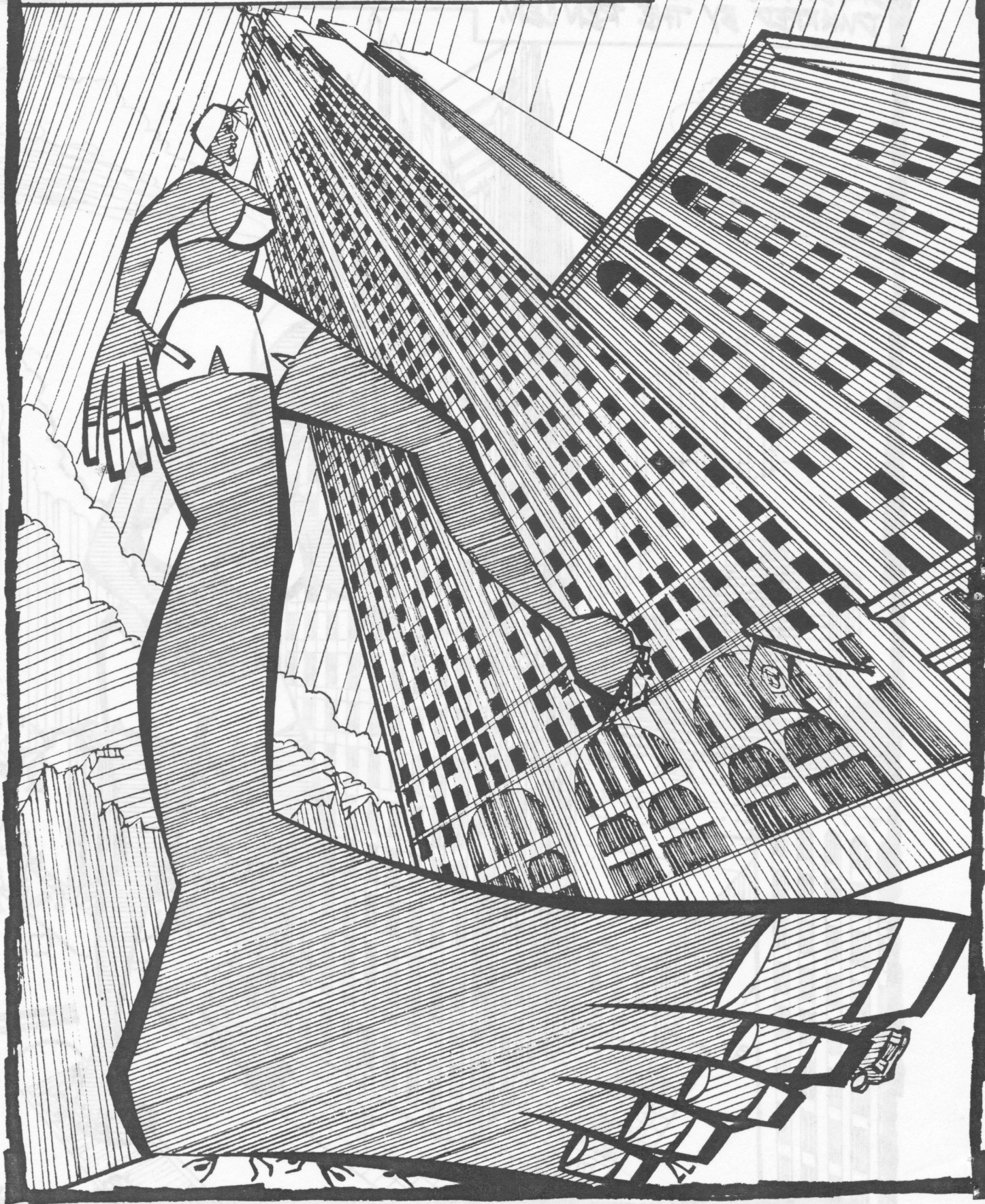
NOLA, A 500-FOOT-TALL BLACK GIANTESS (OR 151-METER-TALL BLACK GIANTESS IF YOU USE THE METRIC SYSTEM) SUDDENLY APPEARS IN DOWNTOWN DETROIT. HER MISSION: TO DESTROY EVERYTHING IN THE AREA. AMONG THE DOWNTOWN BUILDINGS SHE DESTROYS IS THE RENAISSANCE CENTER (OR REN CEN), A SEVEN-BUILDING COMPLEX WHICH INCLUDES THE 720-FOOT WESTIN HOTEL.



SHE ALSO RAVAGES THE ONE DETROIT CENTER, THE CITY'S NEWEST
SKYSCRAPER. COMPLETED IN 1992, THIS DETROIT TOWER IS ONLY
DWARFED BY THE REN CEN.



THEN THERE'S THE PENOBSCOT BUILDING. UNTIL THE REN CEN WENT UP, THIS WAS THE TALLEST BUILDING IN DETROIT.



AND OF COURSE SHE CAN'T RESIST SMASHING THE COBO CENTER
DETROIT'S PREMIER CONVENTION SPOT,



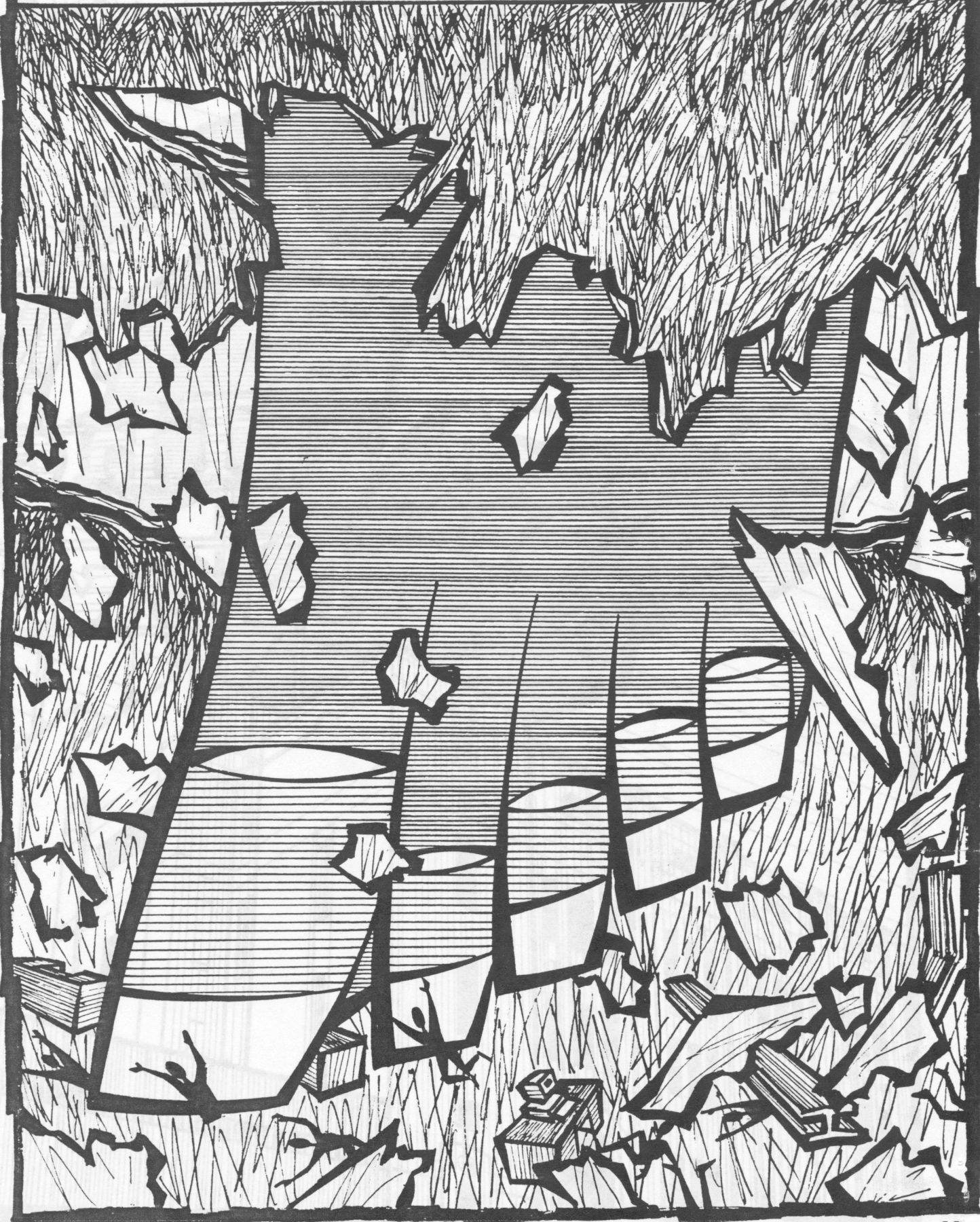
THE RESPECTIVE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE DETROIT FREE PRESS AND THE DETROIT NEWS ARE NOT SPARED FROM THE DEATH BLOWS OF NOLA'S TITANIC FEET. OF ALL DETROIT'S DOWNTOWN BUILDINGS, THESE TWO PLACES TRULY DESERVE TO BE DESTROYED.



AFTER ALL, THEIR FEATURES EDITORS REFUSE TO PUBLISH THE WELL-CRAFTED
CARTOONS OF A CERTAIN DETROIT CARTOONIST -- STRANGELY PREFERRING TO
CONTINUE PUBLISHING THE SAME CRUDDY COMICS THEY ALWAYS HAVE.



ANYBODY WHO DOESN'T LIKE THIS CARTOONIST'S COMICS DESERVES TO BE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY A 500-FOOT GIANTESS.



ANYWAY, AFTER NOLA OBLITERATES THE GENERAL DOWNTOWN AREA...



... SHE WADES ACROSS THE DETROIT RIVER TO DO SOME MAJOR DAMAGE
TO WINSTOR, CANADA -- ESPECIALLY IN THE AREA OF ITS GAMBLING
CASINOS.

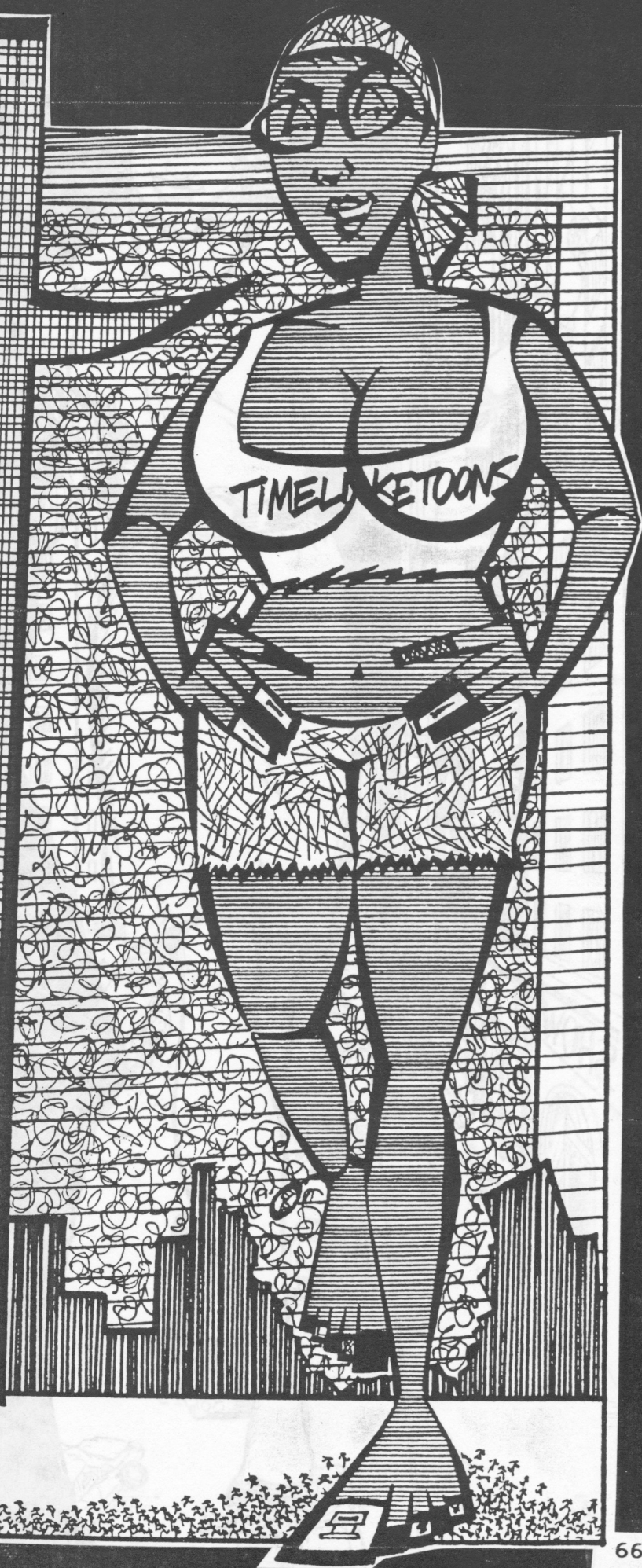


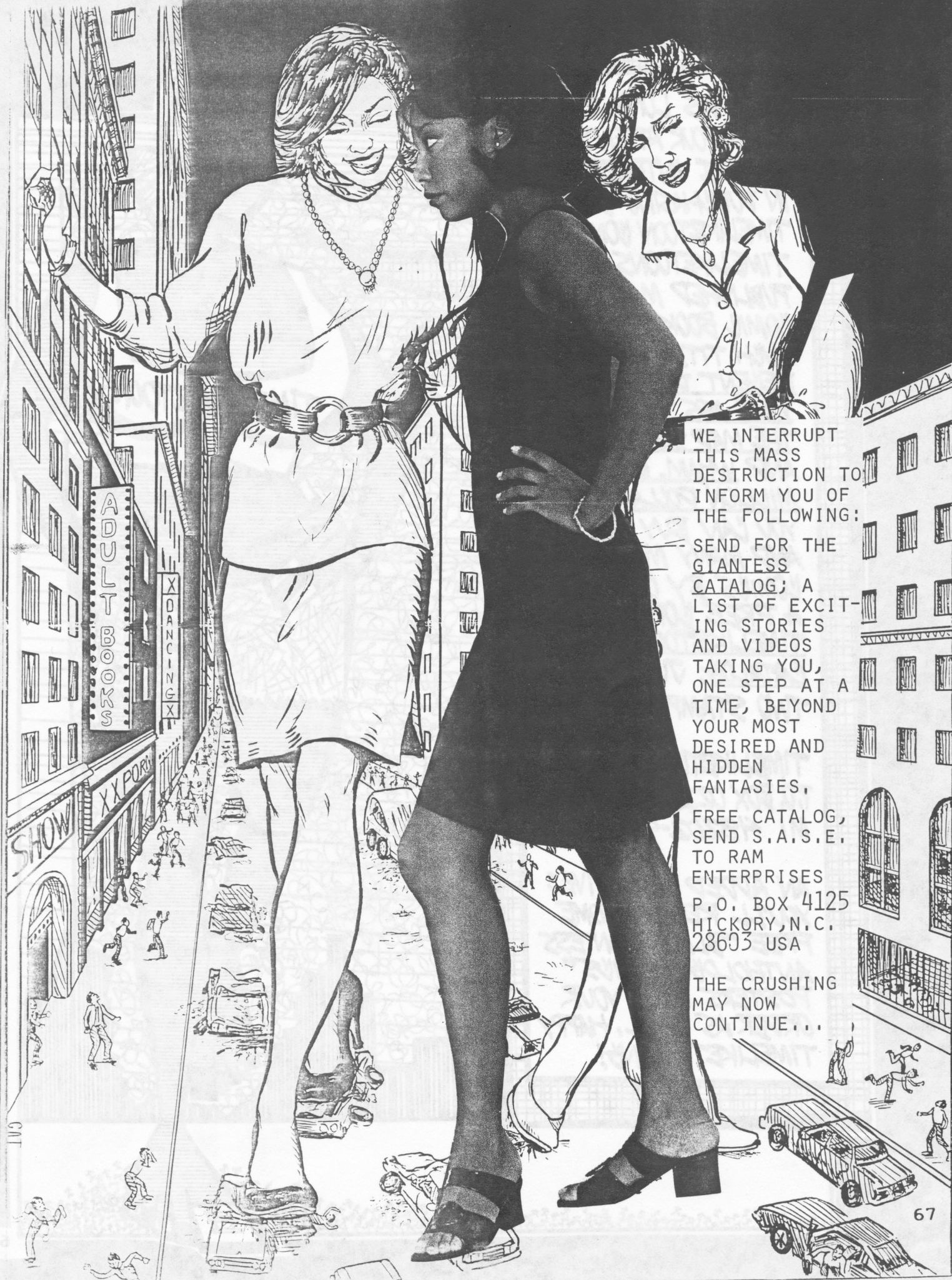
END.

HEY, AS LONG AS I
HAVE YOUR ATTENTION,
COULD I INTEREST YOU
IN PURCHASING SOME
TIMELIKETOON COMICS?
TIMELIKETOONS HAS
PUBLISHED MANY A
COMIC BOOK INCLUDING
SUCH TITLES AS
DEVENT DUDES, NET
YOUR ASS TO MARS,
THE MAD SCREENWRITER
AND WHAM, BAMM,
MILLION DOLLAR SNAM.
YOU CAN BUY THESE
AND MANY MORE
COMICS BY ORDERING
A FREE COPY OF THE
TIMELIKETOON COMIX
CATALOG. JUST SEND
TWO STAMPS TO:

TIMELIKETOON CATALOG,
P.O. BOX 02222, DETROIT,
MI 48202-9998

AN ADDED INCENTIVE:
YOU'LL RECEIVE SOME
FREE "BLACK BIANTESS
ANTHOLOGY COMICS"
POSTERS WITH YOUR
ORDER AS WELL. HAPPY
TIMELIKETOONING!





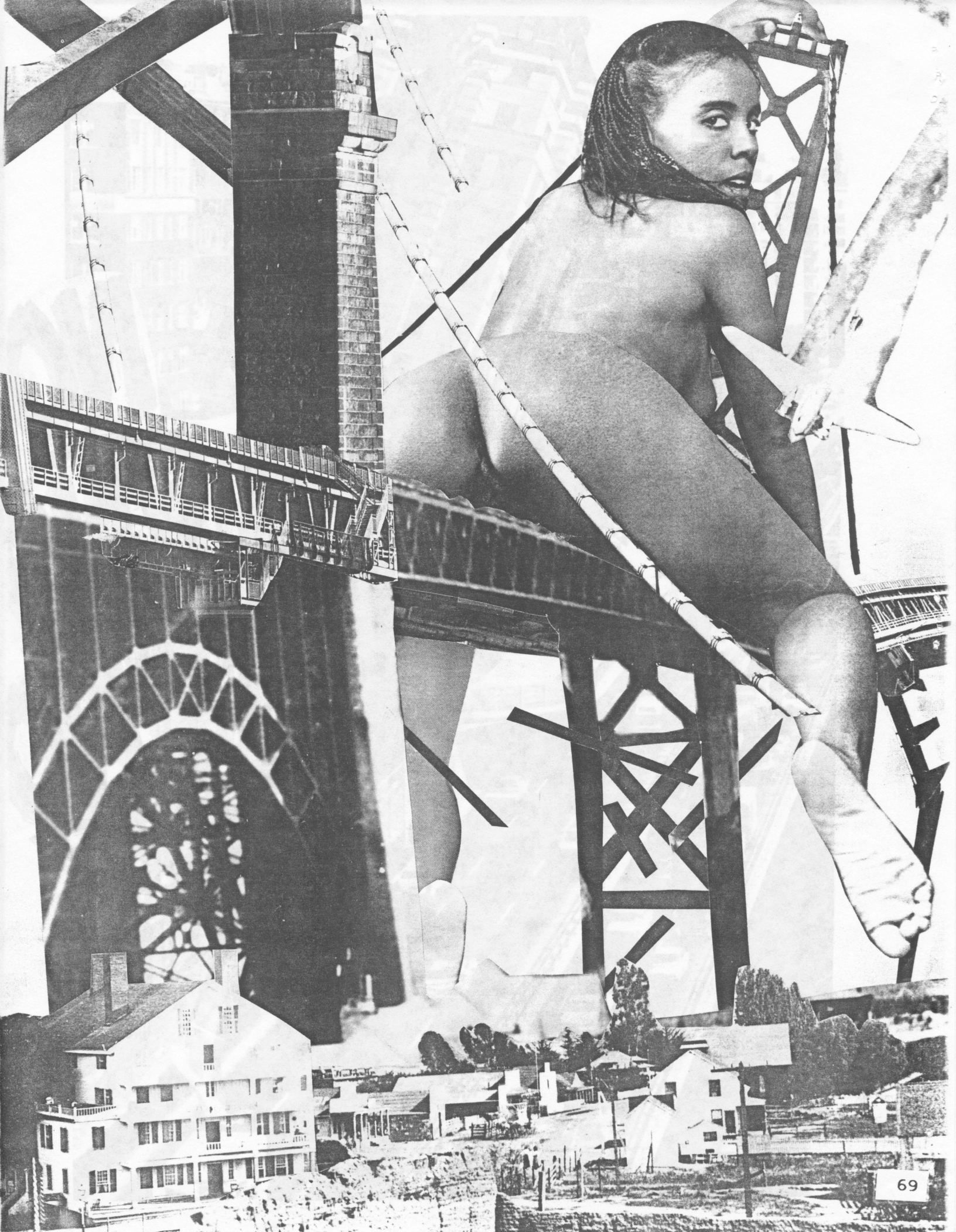
WE INTERRUPT
THIS MASS
DESTRUCTION TO
INFORM YOU OF
THE FOLLOWING:

SEND FOR THE
GIANTESS
CATALOG; A
LIST OF EXCIT-
ING STORIES
AND VIDEOS
TAKING YOU,
ONE STEP AT A
TIME, BEYOND
YOUR MOST
DESIRED AND
HIDDEN
FANTASIES,

FREE CATALOG,
SEND S.A.S.E.
TO RAM
ENTERPRISES
P.O. BOX 4125
HICKORY, N.C.
28693 USA

THE CRUSHING
MAY NOW
CONTINUE...





THE AMAZING COLOSSAL

Soul SISTER



JAZZBOJOC DINAMITA BUT
HONEY, I CONQUERED THE WORLD

"THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, MY LITTLE
PRISONERS. UNTIL NEXT TIME,
YOU CAN KISS MY BIG, BLACK ASS!"

